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COUNTRY LIFE

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2nd, 1939.

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Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if Box Number used 6d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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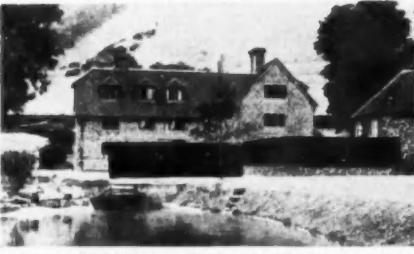
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NEAR ASHDOWN FOREST GOLF COURSE,
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6 bedrooms (with basins, h. and c.), 2 bathrooms, drawing room (30ft. by 11ft. 6in.), dining room, cloak room, kitchen, "Aga" stove, maids' room, etc.*Main water. Central heating. Electric light.**Main drainage.*

2 ACRES.

Garden, Orchard, Flowers, Borders, etc.

FREEHOLD.

TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, London, W.1.

**BUCKS.**—This fine CHARACTER RESIDENCE, close to golf course, convenient for Gerrards Cross and Windsor; hall, 3 panelled reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, maids' room, usual offices; central heating, main water, gas and electricity; 2 garages, etc.; PRETTY GARDENS, tennis lawn, vegetable garden, etc.; paddock; about 4 ACRES.**FREEHOLD £5,500**or would be LET FURNISHED up to a year.
TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, London, W.1.**FURNISHED HOUSES TO LET****THE WHITE COTTAGE
SEAVILLE DRIVE, PEVENSEY BAY,
SUSSEX***LOVELY NEWLY-FURNISHED HOUSE SITUATED ON THE BEACH.*

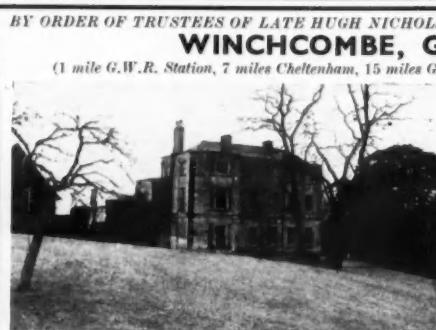
4 double bedrooms, charming lounge, dining room, large kitchen (with "Ideal" boiler and refrigerator).

*Electric light. Gas cooker. Main drainage.**SUNROOF GARDEN. GARAGE.***VERY REASONABLE TERMS UPON APPLICATION.**

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FURNISHED HOUSE TO LET.**SURREY** (in most beautiful position near Devil's Punch Bowl and miles of commons, yet easily accessible London).—Very old and picturesque beamed COTTAGE, completely modernised, 3 large reception, 4 bed (all with h. and c.), bath, 2 w.c.s. Main water and electricity. Nice garden, not overlooked. Large garage, 3 or 6 months, 5 Gns. p.w.; 1 year, 44 Gns. p.w. Excellent maid would stay. "A. 543," c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden W.C.2.**Main services. Central heating throughout. Old-World Grounds, Orchard and Parklike Grass Land about 15 ACRES.**
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Particulars, with permit to view, of the Auctioneers, Auction and Estate Offices, 21, Promenade, Cheltenham, Glos. (Phone 2641.)

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AT THE SOUTHERN FOOT OF THE COTSWOLDS.
COMMODOUS OLD TUDOR AND GEORGIAN MANOR
At the edge of Village, on sand and gravel soil.

SPACIOUS HALL.

4 RECEPTION ROOMS.

12 BEDROOMS. 3 BATHROOMS.

EXCELLENT OFFICES.

Central Heating.

Company's Water.

Main Electric Light.



FINE HUNTER STABLING.

GARAGES.

COTTAGE AVAILABLE.

DELIGHTFULLY MATURED
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FLOWER GARDENS AND ORCHARD.

ABOUT 5 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £4,900

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In the best part and approached by a private drive from the main Bournemouth road.

A PICTURESQUE AND SECLUDED HOUSE

4 RECEPTION ROOMS. SERVANTS' SITTING ROOM. TILED KITCHEN. DAIRY AND DOMESTIC OFFICES. 10 BEDROOMS. 3 BATHROOMS. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

STABLING FOR 7 HORSES. 2 COTTAGES (each with 6 rooms). ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS AND LARGE WELL-STOCKED KITCHEN GARDEN : in all about

20 ACRES

FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE FIGURE

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WEST KENT

40 minutes' rail from London, in the picturesque wooded country of Penshurst and the Weald.

A HOME FOR THE "GARDEN LOVER"

HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE, facing south on a southern slope. OAK-PANELLED HALL, 2 RECEPTION ROOMS, 9 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS, SERVANTS' HALL.

Central heating. Co.'s electric light. Gas and water.

GARAGE. 2 COTTAGES.

EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE GARDENS, abounding in natural charm with stream and woodland.

2 grass tennis courts, prolific kitchen garden, orchard and meadowland ; in all about

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KENT, between ASHFORD and the COAST
A LITTLE GEM OF MOST INTRIGUING CHARACTER.

Dating from XVIIth Century.
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£2,950 WITH 3 ACRES.

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EAST SUSSEX. £1,250

Amidst lovely country, 450ft. up.
BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE.

House of

COTTAGE

CHARACTER

with about an Acre and a Half.

2 reception, small study, 5 bedrooms, bathroom.

Main electric light and water.

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A COMPACT AND WELL-MAINTAINED ESTATE WITH A FIRST-CLASS RESIDENCE

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS FROM A SITUATION APPROACHING THE IDEAL. 500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. AMIDST QUIETITUDE AND SECLUSION.

13 bedrooms, 1 dressing room, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms and music room (30ft. by 25ft.).

All conveniences including Central Heating.

XVIIth CENTURY GUEST COTTAGE

AND

7 OTHER COTTAGES.

Excellent garage, stabling and range of home buildings.

FASCINATING GARDENS, partly walled and easy to maintain.

IN ALL ABOUT 227 ACRES

AFFORDING GOOD PARTRIDGE AND PHEASANT SHOOTING AND PARTICULARLY SUITABLE FOR DAIRYING AND SHEEP RAISING.

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AT A REASONABLE PRICE

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THE GARDEN FRONT (WEST).

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GENUINE XVIth CENTURY HOUSE IN BUCKS

EASY REACH OF AYLESBURY. OUTSKIRTS OF A BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE.

Tudor panelled brickwork; original old oak beams. Unique open fireplaces.

Well-proportioned rooms.

7 BEDROOMS.
4 BATHROOMS.
2 HALLS.
3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
FINE BILLIARD ROOM.

In perfect order throughout.

MAGNIFICENT OLD BARN.



Main Electric Light. Central Heating.
Good water supply (main available).

LARGE GARAGE.

SWIMMING POOL.

Original XIVth Century Dove House.

Charming Gardens. Hard Tennis Court.

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AT A REASONABLE PRICE.

Or a Furnished Letting on long term might be considered.

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GLORIOUS POSITION ON WEST SUSSEX COAST
SUPERBLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE



BUILT REGARDLESS OF COST AND
MOST CHARMINGLY FURNISHED.

The Reception Rooms include remarkably fine lounge (37ft. by 18ft.) opening to wide loggia. 5 principal bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, (3 additional bedrooms and bathroom over Garage.)

All main services.

LOVELY GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES.
with hard tennis court, bathing hut, etc.

LONG FRONTRAGE TO THE
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TO BE LET FURNISHED AT A MOST MODERATE RENT

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Unfurnished, or Sold. Attractive, well-built RESI-
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4 principal bedrooms, nursery, 4 maid's bedrooms, small
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Rent £70 per annum, tenant paying rates.
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GLOS. (Station 3 miles; on 'bus route).—To be Let
Unfurnished, or Sold. COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in
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garage; small Cottage; about 12 Acres. Color-gas lighting
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GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, with Company's water and
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1 Acre. 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.
PRICE £1,350.

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CROMER.—Substantially built, well-arranged,
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PRICE ONLY £2,500.

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JACOBEAN HOUSE AND 40 ACRES

FINE OLD OAK PANELLING AND BEAMS.
10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms; lovely old
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Main water and electricity.

3 COTTAGES. GARAGES, STABLING, ETC.
PERFECT GARDENS AND SMALL PARK
bathing pool, hard tennis court.

FOR SALE AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE
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supply. Well-timbered parkland, grass tennis court, and
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2½ ACRES. £1,725

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8 bedrooms. Stands in 12 Acres.
£4,250 OR WOULD LET £150 P.A.

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Worksop. Modern detached STONE BUILT HOUSE,
recently completed. 5 bedrooms, well planned and excellently
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PROPERTIES WANTED**

**WANTED, OPTION TO RENT LARGE PRIVATE
HOUSE,** or a group of two or more smaller houses,
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Accommodation required for 200 persons. Large bedrooms
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Main Line Station 7 minutes, from which London is reached in about 40 minutes.

A MOST CHARMING AND CONVENIENTLY PLANNED HOUSE

substantially built, with 1 Acre of Attractive Garden,
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Exceptionally good

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2 RECEPTION, LOUNGE HALL, 3 LARGE
BEDROOMS, DRESSING ROOM AND 2
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EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE.

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45 MILES FROM BIRMINGHAM

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built in 1586—one of the great "show places" of the Western Midlands—restored and modernised about ten years ago at a sum approaching six figures.

The MANSION contains

A FINE SUITE OF PANELLED RECEPTION ROOMS. CENTRAL HALL WITH MINSTREL GALLERY. CHARACTERISTIC LONG GALLERY.

26 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, AND 11 BATHROOMS (including 7 self-contained suites).

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT. ELECTRIC PASSENGER LIFT. ELECTRIC DUST-EXTRACTION PLANT.

EXTENSIVE OUTBUILDINGS. CENTURIES OLD GROUNDS

ranking among the most beautiful in the County,

WITH ABOUT 20 ACRES

SHOOTING OVER THE ESTATE OF ABOUT 4,000 ACRES, AND SOME TROUT FISHING,
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CONVENIENT FOR BRISTOL AND LONDON

A COMFORTABLE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

in excellent order, standing high with
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11 BED. 4 BATH.

HALL and

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Central Heating. Electric Light.

STABLING. GARAGES.

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MODEL FARM BUILDINGS.

Bailiff's House.

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ABOUT 170 ACRES

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30 MILES NORTH-WEST OF LONDON.

ENCHANTING THATCHED COTTAGE RESIDENCE OF THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD



Occupying a well timbered setting
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Open fireplaces and beams.

3 ROOMS, KITCHEN, etc.
(on the ground floor).

3 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM
and 2 w.c.'s, above.

Main electricity and water.

GOOD STABLING and
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2 MILES FROM WAREHAM. 14 MILES FROM DORCHESTER. 15 MILES FROM BOURNEMOUTH. 5½ MILES FROM LULWORTH COVE.

THE VALUABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING PROPERTY

WEST HOLME MANOR ESTATE, EAST STOKE, NEAR WAREHAM

comprising
 THE ATTRACTIVE MANOR HOUSE
 distinguished as
WEST HOLME MANOR,
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 AMPLE DOMESTIC OFFICES.
 LODGE.
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 In all about 22 ACRES.



4 EXCELLENT MIXED FARMS.
 MILL HOUSE, EAST STOKE.

NUMBER OF SMALL
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SEVERAL ATTRACTIVE
 OLD-WORLD COTTAGES.

600 ACRES OF SPORTING
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FIRST-CLASS SALMON AND TROUT FISHING IN THE RIVER FROME

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TOTAL AREA ABOUT 1,478 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE RESIDENCE ON COMPLETION.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION AS A WHOLE OR IN 32 LOTS, AT THE LION HOTEL, WAREHAM, ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 14th, 1939, AT
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2 miles from Gillingham, 6 miles from Wincanton; standing 340ft. up with unrivalled views over the beautiful Blackmore Vale; 4 Hunts are within easy riding distance; facing due south; gravel soil.

An Exceedingly Attractive Small Freehold Residence



The whole comprising an area of about
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The Residence with about 3 Acres only would be Sold if desired.

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3 miles from a good market town; about 6 miles from the coast; in a delightful setting amidst ideal rural surroundings.

FOR SALE, THIS PICTURESQUE NEWLY ERECTED, THATCHED COTTAGE RESIDENCE



1 ACRE

PRICE £1,675 FREEHOLD

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STANDING 470FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL WITH GOOD VIEWS FROM ALL PRINCIPAL ROOMS; 4 MILES FROM THE OLD-WORLD TOWN OF SHAFTESBURY, 16 MILES FROM SALISBURY.

THE RESIDENCE HAS BEEN
 ENTIRELY MODERNISED
 AND IS IN FIRST-CLASS
 ORDER THROUGHOUT.

8 BEDROOMS.

3 BATHROOMS.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS.

USUAL DOMESTIC OFFICES.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND
 POWER.

CENTRAL HEATING.



GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.

6-ROOMED COTTAGE.

THE GARDENS AND
 GROUNDS

include tennis court, excellent kitchen garden, orchards and grassland; the whole comprising an area of about

12 ACRES

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A COTSWOLD DISTRICT, HANDY FOR GLOUCESTER AND CHELTENHAM.



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c.15.

TYPICAL STONE-BUILT
RESIDENCE

commanding superb views. Suit London or Midlands business man seeking safe retreat for family.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 principal (5 h. and c.) and 3 secondary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, dressing room, billiards room.

Central heating (complete system).
Electricity. Co.'s gas and water.

COTTAGE. GARAGE (3 cars).

Easily managed gardens and good kitchen garden.

GROUND with 2 tennis courts, orchard, woodland, paddocks, etc.; in all

ABOUT 11 ACRES

FOR SALE (privately) at Low Asking Price, or Auction, DECEMBER 12TH.

c.4.

PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE

with sunny aspect and magnificent views. 1 mile from station, shopping centre, etc.

Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, staff room, up-to-date offices.

Electric light and power.
Co.'s gas and water.
Radiator. Main drainage.

GARAGE.

LOVELY UNDULATING GARDEN, hard tennis court with pavilion, crazy-paved terraces, rose arches, kitchen garden and paddock; in all about 1½ ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

MIGHT BE LET UNFURNISHED.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, offices.

Co.'s services. Modern drainage.
Constant hot water.

GARAGE (2 cars) and STABLING, with chauffeur's flat over.

BEAUTIFUL MATURED GARDENS,

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

Crown Lease about 58 years unexpired. Ground-rent £25 8s. 8d. per annum.

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c.14.

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY
RESIDENCE

MOUTH OF THE DART c.3.

Commanding fine views. First-class social and sporting district.

200-YEAR-OLD COTTAGE

completely modernised.

2 or 3 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, large bathroom.

Own electric light and water. Central heating.

GARAGE (with 2 rooms over).

DELIGHTFUL GARDEN

with abundance of fruit trees, lawns, flower and kitchen gardens.

PRICE £2,500

with curtains, carpets, lamp, brackets, etc.; or would be SOLD COMPLETE WITH THE FURNITURE.

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IN THE FAVOURED
CHALFONTS c.3.

Entirely secluded. Convenient to unsupplied village in Bucks and accessible to station with excellent service.

FOR SALE OR TO BE LET
FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED

A MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom.

Co.'s electric light and gas. Modern conveniences.

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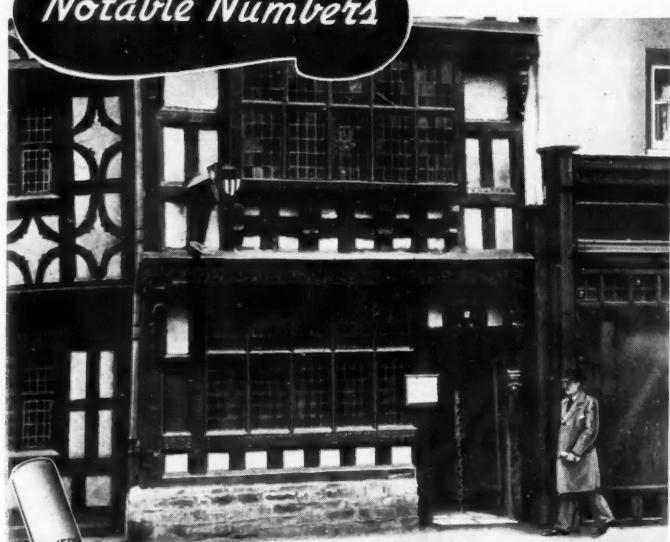
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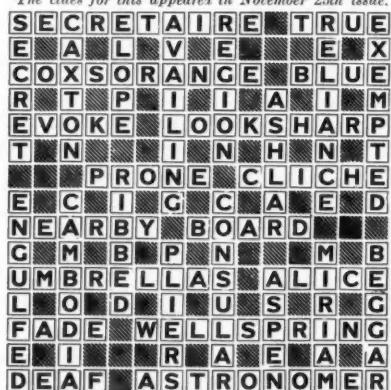
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SOLUTION to No. 513
The clues for this appeared in November 25th issue.



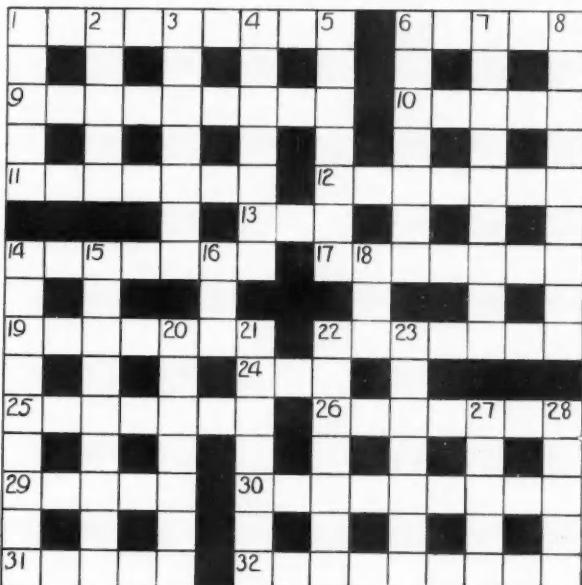
ACROSS.

- Wellsian man (9)
- Hardly the state of one suffering from 30 (two words, 3, 2)
- Wellsian man, but more elusive than 1 across (9)
- Hymnologist (5)
- The windhover (7)
- Made for chests but worn lower down (7)
- Time to write pages but without postscript (3)
- Supplies a passage to cut short (7)
- Recently in Red surroundings, it is said (7)
- Tin gets changed in this process (7)
- "Section" (anagr.) (7)
- Brings down the score to 19 (3)
- Charges (7)
- H.M.S. rather than S.S. (7)
- In heaven omitted (5)
- The opposite of what King John died of (9)
- "_____, madam! Nay, it is; I know not_____" (Shakespeare) (5)
- Place of observation (9)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 514

A prize of books to the value of 2 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 514, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, Dec. 7th, 1939.**

The winner of Crossword No. 512 is
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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXXXVI.—No. 2237.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2nd, 1939.

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Harlip

MRS. THOMAS CLYDE

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Mrs. Clyde, whose marriage took place last week, is the daughter of Lord and Lady Gerald Wellesley. Mr. Clyde, who is in the Blues, is the son of Mr. W. P. Clyde of New York and of Mrs. Allan Kyle

COUNTRY LIFE

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions submitted to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE should be typewritten and, wherever possible, accompanied by photographs of outstanding merit. Fiction is not required. The Editor does not undertake to return unsuitable material if it is not accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

FEEDING-STUFFS AND LIVESTOCK

MANY considerations, it is true, must be kept in mind in determining, as the war proceeds, the course of our policy with regard to the production of the farm. The main consideration, however, is constant and self-evident. Our aim must be to produce, on a balance, the largest possible amount of human food of the most nutritious and health-giving sort that we can compass. And, as we have no idea how long the war may last, we must take a long view and direct our efforts to the continuance of this policy for an indefinite period. It is no use saying: "We have an enormous amount of livestock. Let us kill them off and trust to the future to bring us cargoes of meat from the other side of the world!" Our object must be to increase and go on increasing the production of staple foods in this country, so that we may keep at its lowest possible level the amount of shipping required to bring us the remainder, which we cannot, in any circumstances, produce. We are cutting down the amount of imported wheat we need by pushing on with the "ploughing-up policy." We have, however, also to consider the fact that in normal times we not only import large supplies of wheat for human food, but of barley and maize and cattle-cake as feeding-stuffs for livestock. It is just as important that we should do our utmost to reduce these imports to the smallest limit, so as to impose the least possible burden on available shipping and free the rest for other forms of war transport. How is it to be done?

Apart from an increase in our own production of feeding-stuffs, which cannot be a very large one, we can only cut down the animal food ration. Man cannot, however, live by bread and vegetables alone. He requires both milk and meat. Adequate supplies of feeding-stuffs must be found for dairy cows if the population is to be properly nourished. Apart from questions of food value, we cannot

dispense with fat cattle and sheep without destroying our farm economy and with it the fertility on which we rely for the production of every other crop. So far as possible, therefore, the numbers of cattle and sheep must be maintained and they must be adequately fed. Possible economies of feeding-stuffs arise chiefly from the better use of pastures, of green fodder and other home-grown crops. Before the war, for instance, as the Ministry of Agriculture recently pointed out, many fatteners were being forced into extravagant habits by the demand for "super-beef," and were killing cattle of the true beef type before they had time to realise their capacity for producing first-class beef on a diet of little cake or corn. To let such animals run to maturity on a grass diet may well be the better policy to-day.

Such economies, however, if production is continued on a peace-time basis, have their obvious limits, and the question at once arises whether there are other branches of livestock whose production (and therefore consumption of feeding-stuffs) can be cut down at one and the same time. The obvious victims are pigs and poultry. The feeding of pigs on large quantities of wheat, barley, maize, peas and potatoes, which could be used, directly or in the form of meals, for human consumption, can only be justified if it is shown that it produces an actual increase of food supplies. According to the Ministry of Agriculture's figures, however, it takes six or seven pounds of cereals to produce a pound of pork or bacon. The same weight of cereals will produce seven and a half pounds of bread, and one pound of pigmeat has less nutrition value than one pound of grain! So far, then, as pigs are large consumers of imported grain and cereals, it is wise for the Ministry to give notice, as they have done, that producers should plan their programmes for the next twelve months on the assumption that the proportion of such feeding-stuffs they can obtain will be reduced by at least one-third. This does not necessarily mean that they must cut down their production by one-third. "Luxury" methods of feeding on the finest barley meal can be abandoned in war-time, and the pigs still produce good meat, for, fortunately, they are the most omnivorous of animals. And their capacity for thriving on foodstuffs which are usually wasted makes possible an actual increase in their numbers on a much smaller ration of imported food.

Here, of course, is where the "small man" comes in. Cheap potatoes and house-scrap are very good for the fattening pig; and as for the breeding pig, he can feed upon the acorns and beech mast which satisfied his wilder ancestors in the past. Why, then, should not the pig make the same contribution to the winning of this war as he did to the winning of the last? At present there is a great opportunity so far as established farmers are concerned. According to official figures the pig population represents less than ten pigs per agricultural holding; and, while many of these holdings carry no pigs at all, on others there are large pig establishments almost independent of land. This means that, if those holdings are to produce anything like the normal number of pigs, there must be a return to the old home-grown rations of the past. "Britain," to quote the Minister of Agriculture, "is taking no chances in this war; and although there is no present intention to curtail grain supplies to feeders, they must be ready for such an emergency. They would be wise to prepare immediately to restrict pig feed, so far as possible, to materials that cannot be used to feed human beings, such as grass, roots, silage, millers' by-products, damaged grain, dried blood, dried grains, malt culms, oil cakes and meals, together with surplus from the dairy, the garden and allotment. The collection of suitable waste food from shops, houses, gardens and hotels might well be organised by voluntary effort." The same feeding-stuffs are available, without quite so much organisation, to the small man who sometimes gets rid of them, in peace-time, with difficulty. There will have to be some change in the attitude of local authorities towards the cottager's pig, which they have been scowling at for many years. But pigs, kept in ones and twos at the bottom of the garden, gave us an enormous "leg up" in the last war. The same opportunity exists to-day, and the sooner that Village Pig Clubs are revived the better.

COUNTRY NOTES

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer's demand that we should all be prepared to put every penny we can spare, after covering the bare necessities of life, into a series of War Loans, has been humbly accepted. Like the income-tax increases, it is difficult to criticise without incurring odium of one kind or another. It can hardly be encouraging to the enemy, however, to point out that Sir John Simon's financial policy seems to be aimed at correcting the errors of twenty-five years ago as well as providing for the specific needs of to-day. In the last war, says the Treasury, many people, large and small, made money out of the war. Some made much. Some made only a little. We shall do our best to stop their successors making it to-day, and also take away with our other hand what we give with the first. Let there be no repetition of the errors of the past. And so our financial policy is framed on the basis of the carrot and the donkey. The donkey may see the carrot, but he will only get 25 per cent. of it when E.P.D. has been paid, and we must pull that fragment back before it vanishes down his throat. Perhaps it is better to pass over in silence the plight of those many citizens who certainly have no chance of attaining the profiteer stage and must be content to exist on the same or less than they had before. But surely the whole totalitarian basis of killing trade, of killing expenditure on anything which does not directly supply the Treasury is bound to defeat itself. Industries must be kept going. Our foreign trade must be retained. "Pay as you go" finance runs the grave risk that these vital activities will be paralysed.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE IN FRANCE

WITH the war on land in its present immobile condition, it is natural that we should hear perhaps disproportionately much about the pleasure rather than the business of our soldiers in France. No one is likely to fall into the error of thinking that the war is a "joy ride" for them. It is obvious that they must for the moment have a good many tedious hours, and that the more cheerfully and actively those hours can be filled the better. There is always football as first favourite, and it is pleasant to hear that there have been many fraternal matches between English and French, of which, it is said, our allies have generally had the better. Not everybody, however, can play football, and it may be that we may yet hear of something like a pack of beagles. In the Duke of Wellington's day there were, as is well known, foxhounds in the Peninsula. They were the forerunners of the Royal Calpé pack of "The Rock," and to this day in the country of the Pyrenees there may be seen dogs that bear distinct traces of this distinguished British ancestry. The B.E.F. in Salonica had to find ways of amusing themselves, and a month ago in COUNTRY LIFE there was an account of the brief but glorious career of the Struma Hunt. The British soldier can be trusted to combine a power of amusing himself with an entirely serious purpose.

FOOD PRODUCTION BEHIND THE LINES

MEN on home defence duties are to be encouraged to add to the nation's food supplies in their spare time. There are over a million men engaged on home service, many in remote rural surroundings with little to do when off duty. If each man put in an hour's digging a day, there would be a colossal output by next summer. Isolated posts with six to a dozen men also produce enough waste foodstuffs for a pig to be attached to their strength. In the last war there was an important Army agricultural scheme by which many units were made largely self-supporting in vegetables grown between hutments, and the Observer Corps cultivated allotments. The French Army organised a wonderful system of vegetable production behind the lines which was only approaching full production when the German retreat began. A big central nursery was formed at Versailles, producing twenty-five million seedlings, part of which were scientifically packed and distributed to plots

behind the lines, the remainder matured on the spot. It is too late in the year for much to be done at present in food production by our troops in France beyond their helping French farmers, and too early, perhaps, for extensive plans to be made. But a big beginning can be made with breaking up and preparing soldiers' allotments at home.

HOSPITALITY FOR OVERSEAS MEN AND WOMEN

READERS of COUNTRY LIFE have been reminded from time to time of the Victoria League and its activities in welcoming visitors from the Dominions and Colonies, and many have been glad of the opportunity presented of making new friendships or renewing old ones by offering hospitality in their homes. We are asked by the Victoria League to say that it is still filling this rôle of *liaison* officer, and that it will be particularly grateful for any invitations either for members of the fighting Forces coming from overseas or military nurses during their leave periods in Great Britain. Already there are a considerable number of men from the Dominions serving with us, and no doubt their numbers will increase rapidly as the months go by. There are, too, numbers of students from the Dominions who are debarred now from spending their vacations abroad as many of them were in the habit of doing in happier times. In the past the Victoria League has co-operated with the Queen's Institute in bringing to the notice of overseas visitors the opportunities of seeing typical country-house gardens open in the summer. Next year it is the intention of the Queen's Institute to carry on with the scheme, and it invites owners wherever possible to continue to show their gardens, even if staffs have been curtailed and flowers in many places yielded to vegetables.

LAND-FIRES

The last full load has jolted past,
And soon the ravaged acres, where
The sheaves in golden heaps were massed,
Send forth a fiercer brightness there ;
For flames arise from scattered mounds
And smoke-wreaths waft, with bitter smell,
Across the silver-misted grounds—
That harvest-ending known so well.

The last of autumn's pageantry,
This ragged remnant of the show
Flutters its pennons gallantly,
Across the stubble, row on row ;
And as the twilight shadows creep
Closer about the drowsy shires,
Still in the gloom they stir and leap,
The burning, cleansing, rubbish-fires !

ELIZABETH FLEMING.

A GOLFING CRUSADER

WITH his match on the Abbeydale Club's course, Henry Cotton brought the sum he has helped to raise for the Red Cross to something like £4,000. He has, of course, had willing colleagues in his brother professionals and also several distinguished amateurs, but the initiation of the scheme was his ; he himself has been what is vulgarly known as the "star turn" of all these matches ; he has had to do the hard labour of travelling, and to him goes the chief credit for a very good deed. Nor is that deed yet complete, for, despite the now suddenly shortened afternoons, he has several other matches on his programme. That he has not been particularly successful in his single-handed encounters is not altogether surprising, for he has had to meet the most formidable of golfers on their own courses. In any case, the results of the matches, though naturally interesting, are of much lesser moment than the good cause for which they are played. The various clubs and courses have vied with others in friendly rivalry as to the size of the "gate." The north has had generally something the better of the south in this respect, but golfers everywhere have responded generously to Cotton's crusade.

A COUNTRYMAN LOOKS AT THE WAR

WHEELWRIGHTS—SILVER-FISH—SHOOTING SYNDICATES

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS



LAST week there was seen on the high road a sight that suggested the theory of Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Time Machine," in which he evolves a fourth dimension conception in the form of a machine that would enable one to travel backwards through the by-ways of time to the past centuries or forward to those in the future. Mr. Wells has always had a decided *penchant* for the future, and invariably takes a ticket on his time machine that will run him to some station a thousand years onward; but there are others of us who, having seen how wonderfully the world has progressed since 1914, would prefer to travel in the opposite direction.

If I had any personal choice in the matter I should take a season ticket to 1903, getting off the machine whenever it reached 1913 and returning to my original selection. The year 1903 seems to me a good choice, because in those days we could savour at our leisure all the glory of the unspoilt countryside and the good things it provided, without the drawbacks of the narrow minded conventions of the Victorian period from which we were just breaking away. If we wanted a car we could have one of sorts, but if, on the other hand, we preferred horses, we could ride or drive on every road with no risk of slipping up on the polished tarmac or being pushed into the ditch by three cars racing abreast at 70 m.p.h. And now the younger generation will arise in their scorn and wrath, saying: "This is the blether of the old Gilbert and Sullivan Brigade"; but I do not care, and my head, though bloody, is unbowed.

* * *

TO return to the unusual sight responsible for this digression. A very aged and battered model of a once high-powered car came stuttering along the road with a new pair of bright yellow pony-cart shafts strapped to the grid and projecting well over the roof. The pony-cart, resurrected from the barn, had evidently suffered from dry-rot in the shafts, and an aged craftsman had been found with the skill to make a new pair; and here was the old car returning with spare parts for her successor. "The Last Run in the Old Car" was one title that suggested itself for this pathetic picture, but there are many others as suitable, such as "The Chastening of Jehu," or perhaps "The Last Half-gallon," with the sub-title "The Car That Wouldn't Run on Pool Petrol." But as a counterpart to this picture are the cheering scenes of renewed industry in many a country smithy and wheelwright's, such as the one at the head of this page.

* * *

LAST week I commented on the fact that the Ministry of Agriculture had declared war on the sparrow, and now the Natural History branch of the British Museum has come into line by declaring war also, but they have selected the silver-fish. They have recently published a White Paper dealing with the insect's iniquities, and, as an indication of the plan of campaign to be adopted, they have given a receipt for a poison to be spread in his path.

Those who have lived in the East know all about the silver-fish, who looks like an anaemic and limp earwig that has been in contact with the flour-bin, and they know his little propensity for getting inside photograph frames and eating away the face and signature of the subject. They appear to specialise in those photographs that Eminent Personages strew in their paths when they go a-travelling abroad, and in our house the silver-fish destroyed one minor royalty (Balkan), one deposed monarch (Asiatic), and two High Commissioners. They also put in some fancy touches on my water-colours that adorned the walls, but the general opinion seemed to be that their depredations effected an improvement rather than otherwise, one art critic remarking that he liked the way I had picked out my high lights in the pictures. The best antidote to the silver-fish that I know is the other resident of the walls of the room, the Gecko lizard, but he is a very unpleasant and repulsive-looking reptile, so perhaps the remedy is worse than the ill.

The question is, however, how long is it since the silver-fish made his presence known in this country? Has he been with us always, or is he a more or less recent importation? The fact remains that only a very small proportion of houses in this country are infested by the pest, and this rather suggests that they may be colonies introduced in the first place in the luggage of those who have come home from the East. I understand that they are particularly numerous in Portsmouth and Southampton, which lends colour to this view, but as I know nothing of the history of the insect I put it forward merely as a suggestion. In my own particular case there is not the slightest doubt about their origin, as, on my return from Egypt, I went into a newly built house, and the strain of silver-fish I breed are the direct descendants of my old Sinai wanderers who put in such good work on the pictures and photographs when the lamps were switched off at night.

* * *

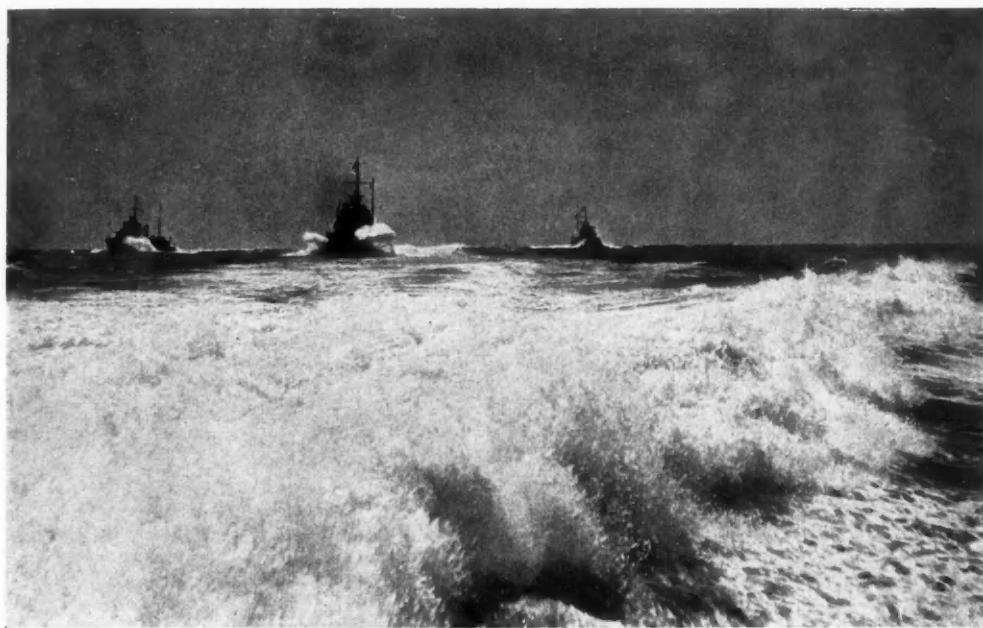
AT the beginning of the war I predicted in these columns that this year would be an unfortunate one for some of the small farmers in the vicinity of London and the big towns, as they would be unable to let their land to the shooting syndicates that had been in the habit of renting it in the past. Enquiries go to prove that I was a false prophet. It would seem that in this part of the world none of the syndicates has given up their shoots as was expected, and that, despite shortage of petrol and shortage of money, they are all endeavouring to carry on.

There are a few people who do not care for syndicates because in some cases it brings an element of business into what should be purely a sport. They hold the, perhaps, old-fashioned view that if shooting is to be enjoyed the party should consist of old and tried friends, working with old and tried dogs: but possibly "old" is not a very suitable adjective to use in the case of dogs, though there are many who would rather shoot over a slow and steady old plodder who knows his job, than a young buster who doesn't. An indifferent shoot with a meagre head of game, if the party consists of old friends, is better than a heavy bag with a community of strangers, for there is much in the verse in Proverbs that runs: "better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." As to what constitutes cruelty to animals and where the line should be drawn, there are those that cannot help the feeling that they should not derive pleasure from killing and killing only, and if their chosen sport takes that form it is necessary to justify it with some really sound excuse such as stocking the larder (and no one can argue about the necessity for doing this in these days), reducing an excessive head of game, or destroying vermin. There is something about the spectacle of six comparative strangers assembling on Saturday clad and armed for the express purpose of killing game on hired land that makes it difficult for any of these excuses to fit the case.

It is, however, useless to cavil at the principle of syndicates, for without them it would be quite impossible to carry on shooting in these times of heavy taxation and reduced incomes. Of every hundred men who, prior to 1914, managed to run their estates as shoots for themselves and their friends, barely 5 per cent. remain to-day. The solution, therefore, was to run these estates on syndicate lines with others sharing the expense. And, of course, there are many happy cases of syndicates formed by a land-owner with his friends and neighbours.

Another factor contributing to the extension of the syndicate system is the annihilation of distance by the motor car. Twenty-five years ago a man of very moderate means could obtain the shooting rights on four or five adjoining farms for what would be regarded now as a mere song. Now that there is hardly a stretch of country in the land not within easy motoring distance of some big town, competition for shoots is so keen that quite fantastic prices are paid to farmers, and the expenses are such that only syndicates can afford them. In one respect this is an entirely satisfactory state of affairs since, if there is one class in this country who deserves a little unearned increment, it is the unfortunate farmer.

SEABORNE SUPPLIES OF BRITAIN



PATROLLING DESTROYERS

AS a passenger in a steamer in convoy recently I gained a vivid first-hand impression of the work that is entailed, the physical strain that has to be endured, and the danger that has to be met in order that our seaborne supplies may be maintained in war-time. We were a mixed convoy—food ships, colliers, oilers, general cargo boats—and more mixed still as to nautical character, for there were tramp steamers of varying speeds and tonnages, motor ships and passenger craft that had to throttle down to keep their place in the line. We were three days and nights in the danger zone, and we had more than one brusque and startling reminder of that fact. The merchant seamen who keep our larders stocked are in the front firing line, albeit they are civilians, and for seventy-two hours the merchant ship captain knows no respite from watchfulness and anxiety. Winter convoys are the worst, for the weather and the darkness have to be outwitted as well as the human enemy. I have kept a middle watch from midnight to



A LOOK-OUT ON BOARD A CONVOYED MERCHANT-
MAN

4 a.m. on the bridge on a November night in convoy, and, though I had no responsibility, I realised the tension and the strain on those in charge.

Every ship was darkened, every shore light extinguished. In the black of a moonless night the only pin-point to guide us was the shaded blue bulb at the stern of the next ahead. For convoys of merchantmen move, like warships, in formation—in line ahead, line abreast, or divisions in line ahead. Each captain has to keep station, at a fixed distance, behind the ship in front. There are no whitened kerbstones or shaded "Keep left" notices to help him if he loses sight of that blue bulb. Through the darkness he has to grope his way, and the least miscalculation may lead to a crash, with gaping rents and crushed bows letting in the sea. The merchant seamen of 1917, before convoy was first tried with steamships, doubted if they could ever learn the art of station-keeping. When the test came they found that they had much more skill than they believed. And the engineer



THE CONVOY DRAWING CLOSER TOGETHER AT SUNSET

Convoy Experiences

By
H. C. FERRABY

officers of the Merchant Navy, accustomed to a steady jog-trot hour after hour with no sound from the bridge telegraphs, learned to stand by for constant changes of revolutions, to nurse their steam for emergency calls.

It was half way through the middle watch that we had a sharp reminder that we were in the front line trenches of the sea war. There was a sudden noise, felt through the ship's fabric rather than heard, as though we had grounded on a shingle bank. It was followed immediately by others. There flashed into my mind Dante's line from the "Inferno"—*voci alte e fioche*. These "voices shrill and hoarse" were depth-charge explosions, distant a mile or more and yet, even so far away, setting the plates of our ship quivering. One of the escort vessels was suspicious and, without hesitation, plastered the area whence came the unwanted sounds with heavy under-water bombs. It was a grim shock for the landsman to be disturbed thus in the small hours in a darkened ship, but the merchant seamen take such things in their stride. Neither the captain nor the first officer took his eye off the blue bulb ahead.

"That's a mile astern of us," said the captain tersely. And one knew from his tone that whatever trouble threatened was the concern of others and not of our ship. Daylight brings no respite from the threats. Extra look-outs are posted to watch for periscopes. The gunner stands constantly by his defensive armament aft. And either from the wireless room or by signal from an escort there are received frequent aircraft warnings. Not all are definite:

"Unidentified aircraft, possibly hostile, approaching" is a typical signal, and so



(Above)
LIFE-BOAT DRILL
ON A CONVOYED
SHIP

(Right)
MINED. THE
HALF-SUBMERGED
WRECK OF THE
15,000 TON DANISH
SHIP, CANADA

COUNTRY LIFE.



SEALED ORDERS

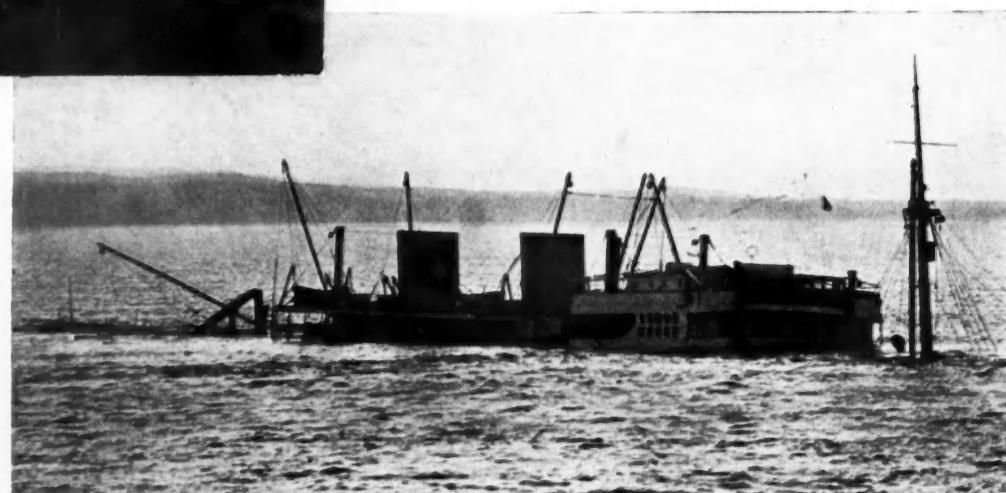
far few of them have been followed by aerial attack. Moreover, the enemy's failure to do damage when he has bombed convoys has confirmed the seaman's belief that a moving ship is an almost impossible target.

Confidence in the value of convoy has been heightened, too, by the successful results of the first weeks. Out of 3,000 ships moved in convoy through the areas known to be favoured by U-boat commanders, only seven have been lost, some of them by mines. Less than a quarter of one per cent. is a negligible result.

But there is a price to pay for this insurance over and above the extra

UN- IDENTIFIED AIR- CRAFT APPROACHING

strain on masters and men in the ships. Convoy slows up progress. Time is lost in gathering the ships together at the assembly ports. Convoys can only move at slow speed, though as far as possible the faster ships are not grouped with the eight- and nine-knot ships. Generally speaking, it means that for every eight trips she does in peace-time a ship can only do six in convoy. With 4,000 merchantmen employed on transport of our seaborne commerce, that means a drop of at least 16,000,000 tons of cargo in a year. This reduction affects the supplies of every household and is the basic reason for a system of rationing. Stocks used up must be replenished from overseas.



FISHERMEN ON THE TEST

HOUGHTON CLUB PERSONALITIES AT THE PORTRAIT PAINTERS'

THE Royal Society of Portrait Painters' annual exhibition is being held, as usual, at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, and on the Editor's advice I have visited it more especially to see a group of portraits of some of the members of the Houghton Club. What tempted me more, they had (I was told) been painted on the banks of the River Test, whose waters I love more than any other; for I was bred, if not born, upon its banks, and know every turn, every eddy of it around Stockbridge. I have, besides, a particular friend who looks after the Houghton fishery—Alf Lunn—and surely there could be no better epithet for the son whose father created the Lunn's Particular. And so I decided to spend the few minutes at my disposal, before I returned to my unit, in the Institute Galleries. The catalogue informed me that the pictures I sought had been painted by Bernard Adams, whose work has been known to me for some time. It seemed strange to be surrounded by pictures again, and it was with difficulty that I refrained from saluting the eminent soldiers that hang upon the walls. Becoming acclimatised, I searched for my objective, and when I saw the pictures of men with rods, standing (rather unpiscatorially) on the edge of my



SIR HAROLD GILLIES



(Above) LORD HARMSWORTH
(Right) MR. L. N. R. RIX

Portraits by Mr. Bernard Adams at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly

beloved river, I thanked Mr. Adams, not for the portraits so much as for the setting which he had chosen. Mr. Adams had done me a good turn, one which I readily share with others; for he had taken me away from the London, outside, to Stockbridge. Although he has not painted the Grosvenor Hotel, where the Houghton Club have their headquarters, I soon found myself, imaginatively, there, asking Mrs. Skelton, the wife of the manager, where was my room and who was staying in the hotel. There too was Alf himself, asking me what sort of a hatch of fly there was up Longstock way; and upstairs, the members' room, into which I always poke my nose surreptitiously on my way to bed. Glass cases, each housing a monster trout, reflect the light, and other treasures lie about the room. I never have time to scan them carefully, for, eavesdropper that I am, an approaching step easily puts me to flight. Mr. Adams has painted five riverside portraits, and four gentlemen stand appropriately—almost too appropriately—rod in hand, so that his brush may put them on the canvas. At least, that is what I felt about "T. Murray Sowerby Esq., L. N. R. Rix Esq., Lord Harmsworth, and G. F. Hotblack Esq." But the fifth, "Sir Harold Gillies, C.B.E.," was exceedingly alive, and not only appeared, as good pictures of this nature should, as a landscape with a figure in it, instead of as a figure with a landscape, but the sombre tone of the whole picture, which was better than that of the others, gives to the fisherman more the feel "of a fisherman by a river on a good fishing day." In this picture the tone values successfully make the river recede from the individual, while in the others, especially that of Lord Harmsworth, angler, river and background appear to be all on the same plane. Mr. Rix, who looked to me as if

he was about to "whip the water," was full of life until, inadvertently, I studied his legs, which seemed to be out of drawing. It is easy to find fault, and, as I have said, I am extremely grateful to Mr. Adams. He took me to Hampshire for a short but most appreciated spell, and for those moments I thank him; for what is greater than the brush, if it be not the rod?; and in every case (Heaven be praised!) Mr. Adams painted a rod which was a rod, though most artists take it for granted that the brush is so much more important than the rod that the fisherman's best friend is sadly neglected. If Mr. Adams had painted all five portraits with the restraint and skill with which he dealt with Sir Harold Gillies', he would have produced five really good pictures. His tendency to use aureolin (or something very like it) rather spoilt for me, at any rate, the peace and charm of the Test, in all but the picture of Sir Harold. To fish a river well you must know it. To paint it, too, an intimate knowledge of the water is essential. There is something about a chalk stream that is different. It is always friendly. It is clean and sparkling, and, above all, it has about it a peaceful atmosphere. Looking at these pictures, I contemplated, as every wise man should where rivers are concerned.

ROY BEDDINGTON.

(Further notices of this and other exhibitions will be found on page 584.)



AN ELEPHANT DRIVE IN MYSORE

A KHEDDAH FOR THE VICEROY

OVER the same ground where Robert Flaherty had photographed the drive in "Elephant Boy," the Maharaja of Mysore held this year a more formal display for the Viceroy. These *kheddahs* only take place every ten years, and are preceded by royal junkettings which are said to cost the principality in the neighbourhood of thirty-one lakhs of rupees, so it was a great stroke of fortune being able to see this, especially as this year the *kheddah* proved to be the most successful as well as the largest that had been held for many years.

The festivities had lasted for two days when we went out for the *kheddah* to a camp some two hours' drive from Mysore, built on several long lanes, these "lanes" being gravel roads studded with white stones, while laid out in the open spaces were exotic flower beds. The tents were furnished down to the very last detail, and the Viceroy was given a specially built house of *tatti* screens, made of plaited rush and cane. All this for one night!

We left the camp in a car, and soon abandoned that, to walk through the jungle down a carefully cut path to the bank of a wide, shallow river, with the trees coming down to it on either side—the same place where the elephants cross the river in "Elephant Boy." We were sent along the river bank to a "hide" made behind some bushes out of emerald green plaited rushes, and we were told to be deathly silent at risk of spoiling the *kheddah*. There we waited for an hour, keeping the silence, which was only broken by the jungle murmurs. The undergrowth in many places was so thick that it would have been quite impossible to proceed on foot, but the elephants twist it aside with their trunks, trample it down, and break off the low branches, and then wander on quite placidly. During the last twenty minutes we could hear trumpeting, and the shouts of the beaters and an occasional gunshot. Slowly the trumpeting grew louder and more insistent, interspersed with ridiculous little squeals, while the shots and yells were getting wilder and wilder, till suddenly the first elephants burst out on the opposite bank. They charged into the river, and made for our bank, whence they were turned away with a certain amount of difficulty and a great deal of buckshot; as soon as they were back in the river a second herd hurtled out of the jungle, fifty or more of them, led by a fine old tusker, and they came, grumbling and splashing, not seventy yards away from us, quite unsuspecting, as the wind was the right way. It was a most inspiring sight to see them rushing by, snorting and squealing, exhaustless tons of sheer strength.

Once they were headed the right way, the beaters and the

forest elephants who were driving them dropped back, and the wild herd came on by itself, some spraying themselves as they went along. At the back was one baby elephant, and, though the river was only three feet deep, it was almost out of its depth, and was being helped along by two elephants, one of whom held up its head with its trunk. This drive up a river is by no means easy, and when they filmed "Elephant Boy" the herd broke loose and got back into the jungle again. This herd had been marked some weeks before, and gradually driven towards the river, down to the spot where the drive had been started.

Next morning we were up early for the roping in the stockade. It was small, not more than ten yards across, with a gate at each end, and we were on a balcony built outside around the top, and looked in as though into a bear pit, so that with a short pole we could have touched the elephants easily, yet they seemed quite unaware of us. This was the inner stockade. The other elephants were outside in a small enclosed park, which is the "large stockade," and from there they are driven into this small one in threes and fours to be roped.

While we waited for the Viceroy and the Maharajas to come, the *mahouts* threw in big chunks of sugar-cane to distract the elephants, and this they broke up and shook, lifting up one huge fore foot to dust it before eating.

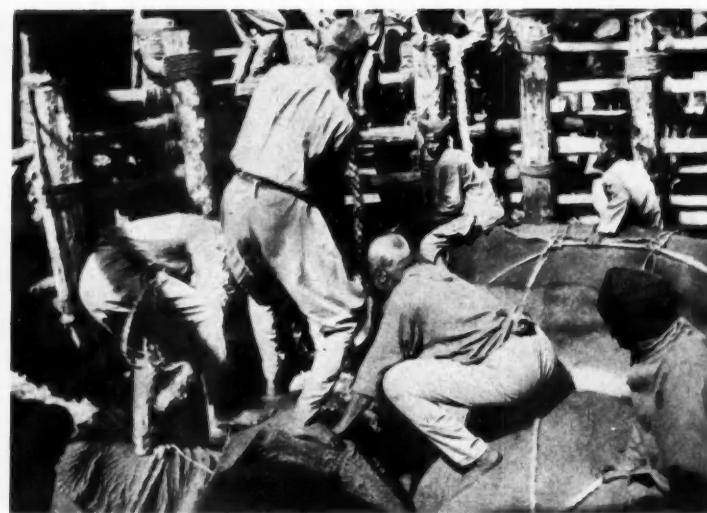
When the party was complete, the real business began. One gate was lifted with a block and tackle, and the forest elephants, with their *mahouts* on board, stalked slowly in; six of them

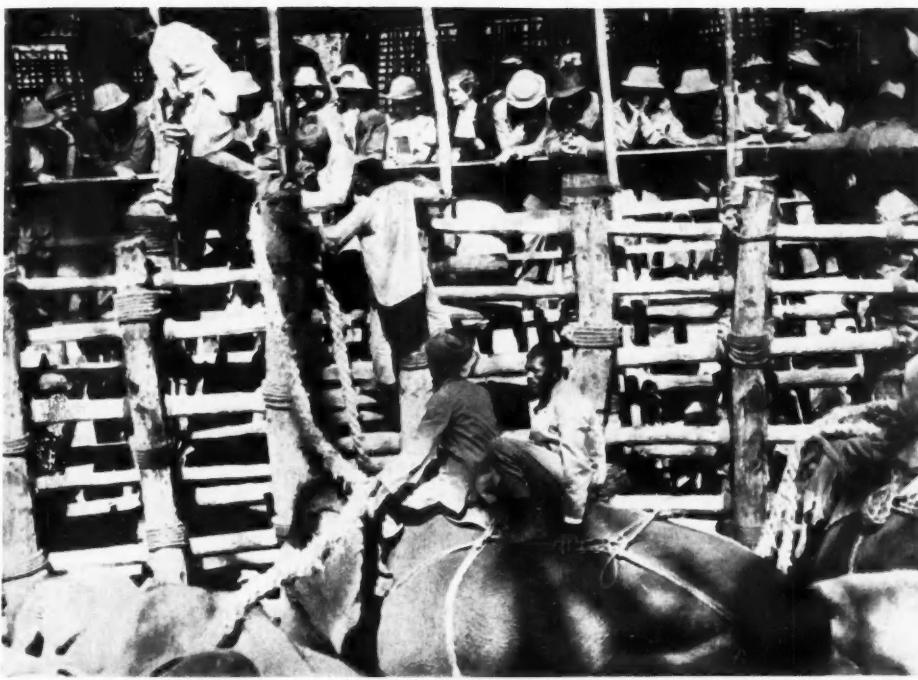


JUNGLE ELEPHANTS IN THE OUTER ENCLOSURE, SEEN FROM THE INNER STOCKADE



(Left) TAME FOREST ELEPHANTS ENTERING THE STOCKADE THROUGH THE NARROW PASSAGE, PREPARATORY TO EDGING AMONG THE WILD ONES, WHICH ARE THEN SECURED BY ROPES (right)





INSIDE THE STOCKADE

Wild elephants' heels and heads have been roped, and they are being tied up to the stockade, but are not yet roped to the tame beasts to be led out

squeezed in, one after the other, till the little arena was a solid mass of heaving elephants' backs. It was fascinating to see the men work—the head-man (who is Sabu's uncle) gave a few orders, but it was very quiet, and the wild elephants stopped squealing and trumpeting as soon as the tame ones came in. At first they seemed to have no particular plan, but soon one realised that they were squeezing and forcing their way between the wild ones, and before long each wild elephant had a tame one on each side of it. The old forest elephants were magnificent, apparently quite unmoved at the fate of their fellows, heaving and squeezing, backwards and forwards, as told and when required, and butting them with their tusks to make them move. They made for a

lovely sight to watch them standing about and squirting themselves. They came up from the water much more amably, and then went off to be roped up to trees—the next stage in their training. After this they are tamed remarkably quickly. We saw Kala Nag tied up in the trees, but he was *musth*, and so not working.

After lunch we saw a different type of roping in the large stockade, where one wild cow was so strong that she pulled her escort, to whom she was roped, right out backwards through the gate into the outer field. This was the end, and on the drive back I was told by an old Indian that in all his long life he had never seen any *kheddah* so uniformly successful or so large a herd being driven down the river.

RAYMOND ALDERSON.



THE LAST STAGE—COMING UP AFTER TWENTY MINUTES IN THE RIVER
The three foremost elephants are leading a wild tusker. Other attached captives can be seen beyond

tusker first, and when they had got him so wedged between tame elephants that he couldn't move, the head-man dodged in among all the legs, with a huge length of thick rope, and roped the tusker's hind legs. As he had been kicking wildly before when free, it was extraordinary that he didn't attempt it then. The man then calmly leapt on his back (*via* another elephant) and dropped a big noose over his head, and the trick was done, except for the long business of adding more ropes and tightening the knots. They finally got all five roped up to tame elephants—two in front and one behind—the forest elephants coiling their trunks up tightly, till they looked like Ammonites, to keep them out of the way of the trailing ropes and dodging men, and after several struggles the procession went down to the water. It was a sad spectacle to see the kings (and queens) of the jungle roped and shackled, still struggling, being dragged off ignominiously. We then went down to the watering-place (again the same as in "Elephant Boy"—where he scrubbed Kala Nag with a stone), and it was (as you can see in the last illustration) a very

WILD LIFE IN WINTER

By FRANCES PITTS

THE winter days get shorter, the nights longer, the glories of autumn are a thing of the past, and even the last leaves have fluttered from the trees to lie in rain-soaked masses on the ground below. Every tree raises bare boughs to show the lace-work-like detail of its twigs against the grey sky. Wild life now takes on a fresh aspect. The voice of the fieldfare is heard in the land, redwings appear in their hosts, wood-pigeon armies invade our coppices, and the rooks file home at eventide in a long, dark procession across the sky. They pass overhead, cawing as they go, and vanish into the twilight, whence the murmur of their voices comes to tell that they have descended upon the trees on the banks of the Severn which have so long been their roosting place.

No bats wheel and turn in the twilight about the eaves of the house. Where are they? Tucked away, lost in the profound unconsciousness of winter hibernation, in careful retreats. The pipistrelle will have crept under the roof to hide beneath the rafters, the noctule is probably hung up by its heels in the church tower, and the horse-shoe will be similarly hung up in the dim recess of some far-reaching cave.

But as sleepers the bats do not surpass the dormouse, which does slumber well. Its hibernation is so deep that the animal feels quite cold to the touch and appears lifeless. Only a faint breathing betrays that life really does exist in the inanimate form. Yet its sleep is not so profound that a rise in temperature will not restore it to activity. In mild weather the dormouse wakes up, comes out and has a look around. So too do some of the bats. I have seen both the pipistrelle and that queer little gnome the long-eared bat abroad on a particularly mild Christmas evening. The bats were in eager chase of the dancing columns of gnats which had emerged from their retreats to enjoy a brief revel.

Caves and cellars are the favourite winter quarters of the gnats. In the cellars at my home one can find scores of these insects sitting upside down on the ceiling, awaiting a suitable time to come forth.

The pretty reddish brown and grey mottled herald moth also hibernates in these cellars, and upstairs we shelter several tortoiseshell butterflies, but they like to roost in one of the upper rooms. The attics are a favourite resort, as they are, too, for greenbottle flies and queen wasps. Provided no one interferes



Coldstream Tuckett
HORSE-SHOE BATS HUNG UP BY THEIR HEELS
IN A CAVE



F. Pitt
"IN MILD WEATHER THE DORMOUSE WAKES UP"

with them, they slumber here until the springtime sun calls them forth.

Some people think that the red squirrel is one of the creatures that sleep the cold wet days of winter away, but so far as Britain is concerned this animal does not hibernate—indeed, it may be seen abroad in frost and snow.

One day I had a lovely view of a red squirrel in rich winter furs, with its tail at its fullest and thickest, scampering across the snow, to leap up a tree, run aloft, out on to a branch, and there stamp and swear.

When a squirrel is in a passion it jerks its whole body and tail. "Vut! vut!" it cries, and jerks itself convulsively. My pet red squirrel Jenny always swears like this when she sees a cat. She hates cats, and even seeing one from an upper window running below in the garden is enough to make her stamp and curse.

Jenny acknowledges the winter season in several ways. One way is the hairy covering she now assumes to protect the soles of her feet, another is her thick and glossy jacket, and a third is the mania she develops for hiding food. The shelves in my workroom are full of nuts stowed away in corners, so are the chairs, and they fall out of all sorts of unexpected nooks. I even find them in my boots and shoes. One morning when going hunting I pulled on my riding boots in a hurry, to find a large, hard and painful object in the toe of my right boot. I had to call for help and a boot-jack, get the boot off again and remove a walnut placed there by my Jenny. I was late at the meet, but who could be angry with the culprit, that lovely sprite who licks one's hands more affectionately than a cat or dog.

But with regard to winter in the woods and by the stream, there is one animal above all others that loves a fall of snow and the delights of winter sports, and that is the otter. It not only plays madly in the chilly current of the half-frozen brook, but lands to roll, tumble and toboggan in the snow. It likes nothing better than to glide head first down a bank. At every slope it flings itself on its chest and, with fore paws folded beneath it, glides to the bottom. Old otters as well as young ones indulge in such games. My Madame Moses never outgrew her love of tobogganing, and even when between seven and

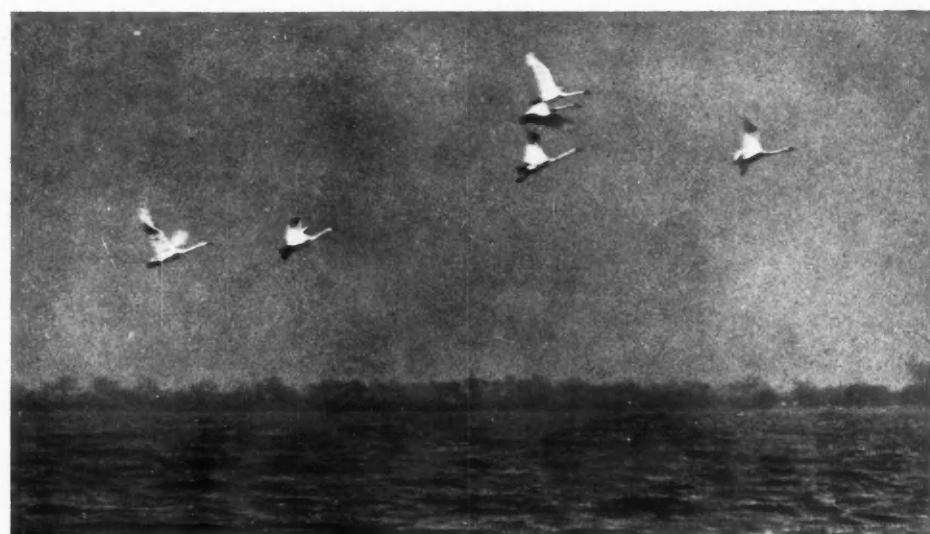
eight years old still practised it with a vim if not greater as great as when she was a cub, but then the otter never grows old.

Severe frosts are very trying for water birds. When the ponds, lakes and reservoirs become frozen over they are not only frozen out but helpless. Many of them fly off to seek better conditions. Those that remain have a hard struggle. Being short of food they soon grow weak, and are apt to get frozen into the ice and die miserably.

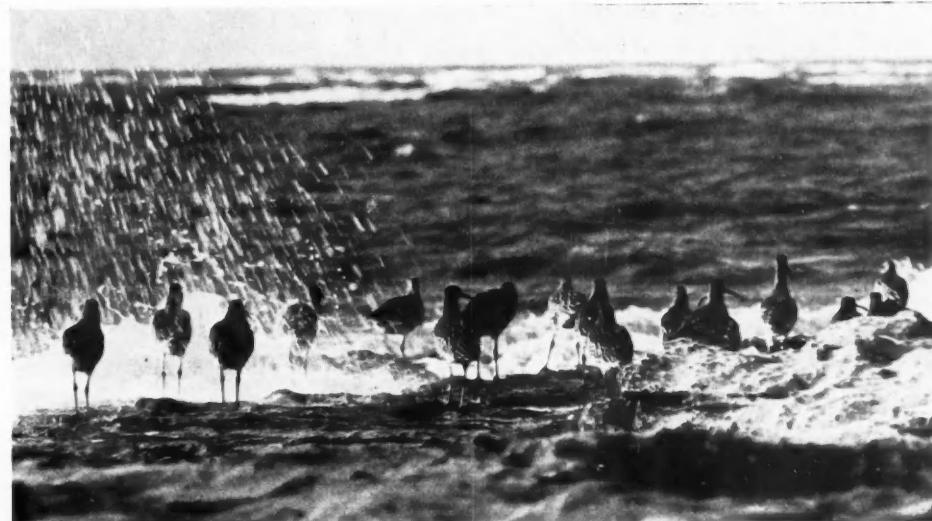
Fortunately, hard winters are the exception in the British Isles. The worst in my memory was that which came during the last war, namely, 1916-17, when birds of most kinds suffered severely. Blackbirds and thrushes died wholesale. I can remember as clearly as if I saw it yesterday, a starved blackbird in our stable yard picking at the body of a dead comrade. The following spring there were hardly any left, and when summer came it was not necessary to take any steps to protect the garden fruit. Strawberries and raspberries remained untouched, for there were no birds to raid them.

The long-tailed tit was exterminated in the west Midlands and did not regain its former numbers for ten years. With a widespread species such as the long-tailed tit such loss, though serious, is not so bad as in the case of a localised bird like the bearded tit. A bad winter on the Norfolk broads bears hardly indeed on the lovely "reed pheasant," but the amazing thing is that so lovely and fragile a bird manages to carry on in this exposed area. When the cold winter winds sweep across the North Sea and strike piercingly into the heart of Broadland, even the thickest of reed-beds bends before their blast, and the tits must be hard put to it to find shelter. However, the bearded tit is yet with us. Despite cold winters, despite invasions of the sea, and other things, it haunts the reedbeds summer and winter alike, when the bittern booms and when the wild music of whooper swans flying from the north comes down out of the grey skies.

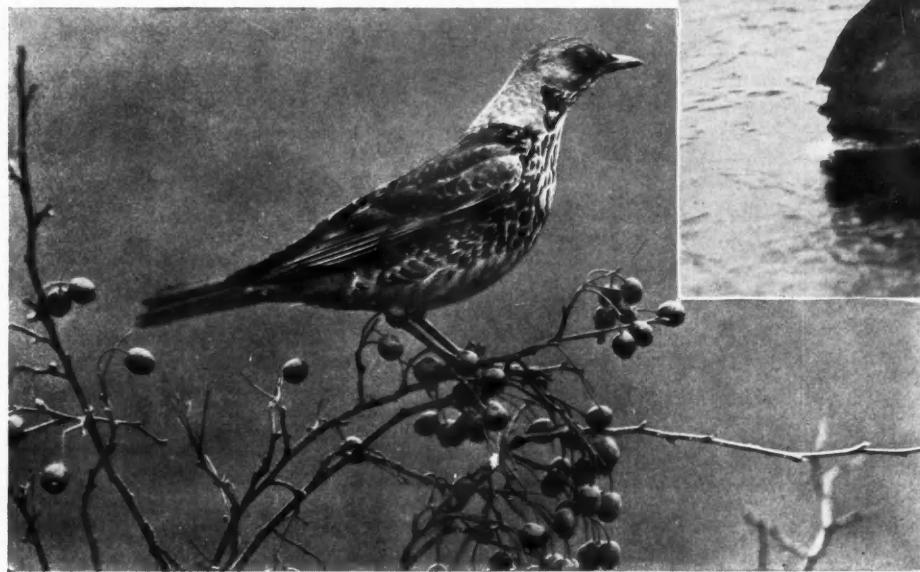
No review of wild life in Britain in winter must close without mention of the host of wildfowl that come from



E. L. Turner
"WHEN THE WILD MUSIC OF THE WHOOPER SWANS FLYING FROM THE
NORTH COMES DOWN OUT OF THE GREY SKIES"



G. B. Farrar
THE CURLEWS SEEM TO ENJOY WINTER PADDLING



C. W. Teager
THE FIELDFARE IS A WINTER VISITOR



H. Morrey Salmon
A COOT FROZEN TO THE
ICE

northern regions to stay awhile about our shores. Swans, geese, ducks and a host of waders fly down from the north to winter with us and make coast, marsh and lake a place of delight. Swans against a stormy sky, pink-footed geese in the icy dawn, and a crowd of waders wheeling over grey waters, are alike typical of our English winter.



1.—THE EAST SIDE

BADMINTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE—II

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.

The associations at Badminton with the first Duke of Beaufort, who died in 1700 and of whose princely household a contemporary description is given.

THE part of Badminton that has changed least since Henry Somerset, first Duke of Beaufort, began to re-build and enlarge the house he inherited during the Commonwealth, is that facing south. It overlooks a delightful rose garden (Fig. 2), enclosed on one side by the church re-built in the late eighteenth century, and on the other by the great office range built to accommodate the "princely" household maintained by the first Duke. These pleasant rooms are those principally used by the present Duke and Duchess, who have converted the great dining-room decorated by Grinling Gibbons (Fig. 3) into a sitting-room furnished with some beautiful Chippendale pieces, the adjoining Oak Room, illustrated last week, being used for meals. Whereas the immense north front and the entry hall were reconstructed for the third Duke by

William Kent, who added far-extending wings connected to pavilions at the four corners of the *corps de logis*, this front seems little altered save for the attic storey, added in place of a hipped roof on the three subsidiary façades—probably at the same date.

The circumstances leading to Lord Herbert transferring the family home from the Welsh marches to Gloucestershire were briefly indicated last week. His scientifically minded father, the second Marquess of Worcester, survived for some years both the Restoration and his invention of a "water-commanding Engine" that apparently anticipated the steam engine. He was still alive in 1663, when his son received Charles II and his Queen at Badminton, though it is not possible to point to-day to any part of the existing house as having witnessed that event.



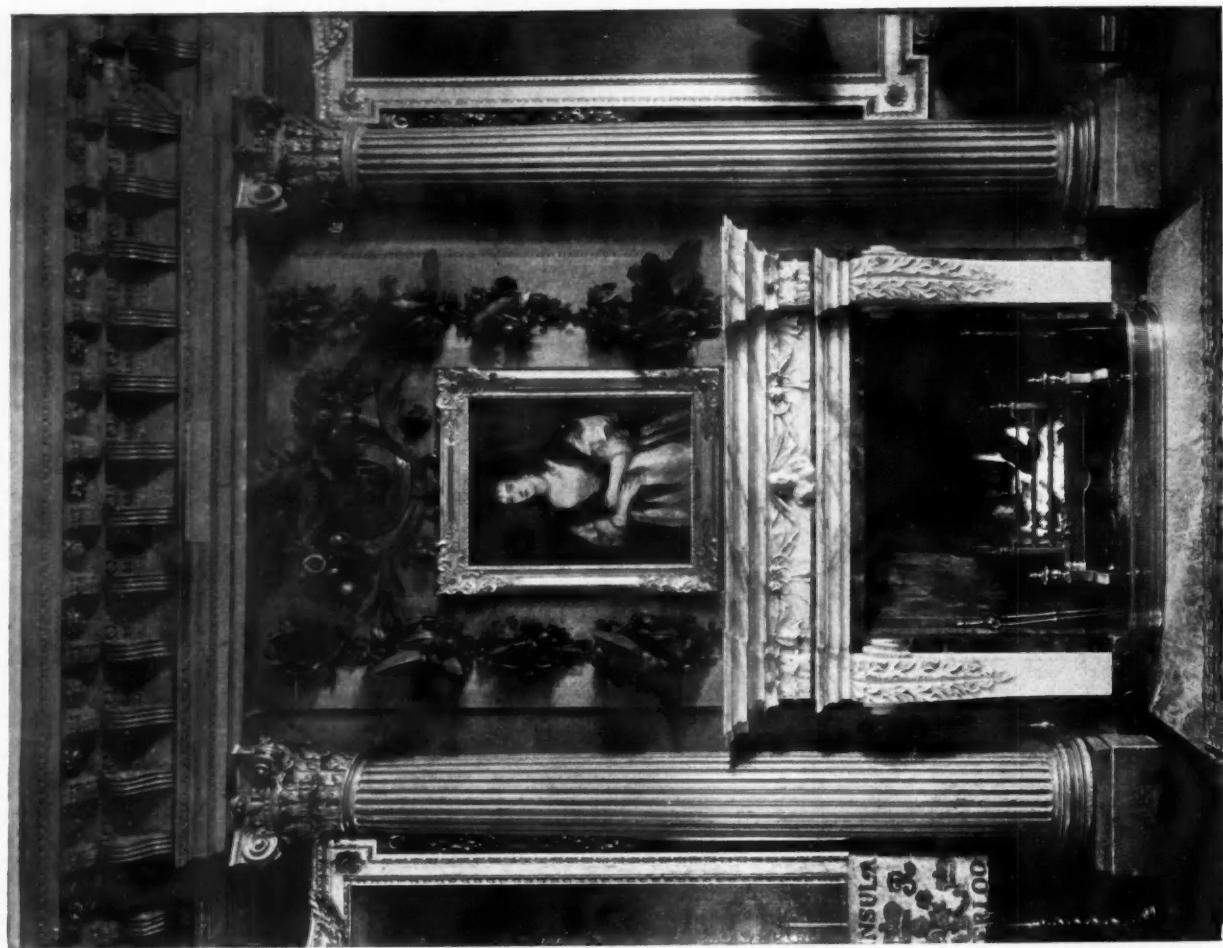


3.—THE FIRST DUKE'S DINING-ROOM, NOW THE SOUTH DRAWING-ROOM

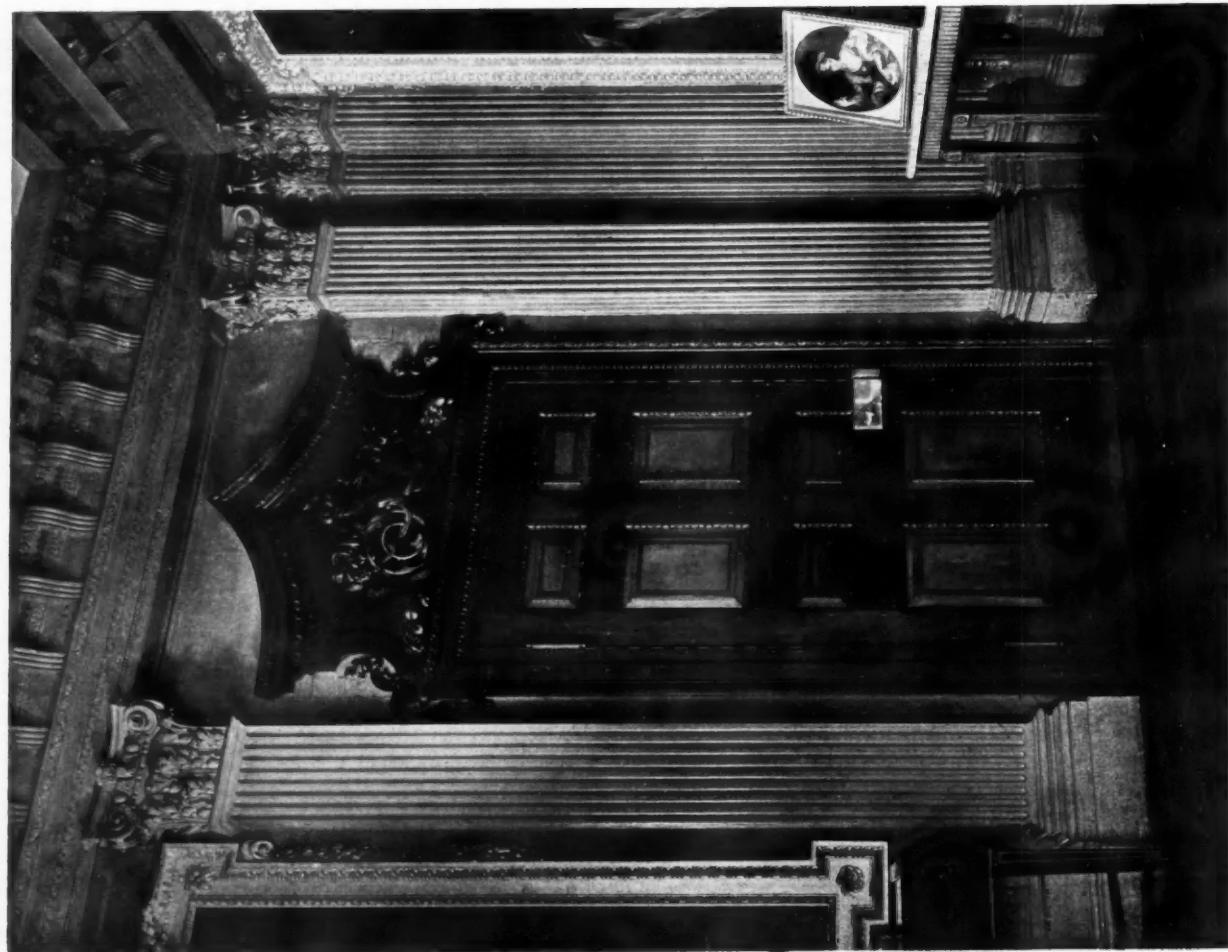


4.—THE LIBRARY IN THE SOUTH-EAST WING

"Country Life"



6.—THE CHIMNEYPEICE: LADY HERBERT, BY VANDYCK



5.—THE SOUTH DRAWING-ROOM: A DOORWAY

The noble scientist was happiest in his "Operatory" at Vauxhall, where, according to a book that he eventually had printed, he adumbrated, among "A Century of such Inventions which at present I can call to mind (my former notes being burnt)," the principle of the steam engine. Loyalty had called him out in the service of the King, who created him Lord Beaufort of Caldecot and Earl of Glamorgan (though the patents like his own scientific notes, did not survive the turmoil of the times), and entrusted him with the raising of the Irish Catholics to retrieve the Royal cause. If he were successful the King promised his daughter, Princess Elizabeth, as wife to Glamorgan's son, repaying as her dowry the immense sums advanced by the first marquess. Discovered by Parliament, this plot was disowned, and Glamorgan, who shortly inherited his father's empty title, escaped to live precariously abroad.

The great Herbert estates on the Welsh marches were, of course, forfeited, and a large portion, including the lordship of Chepstow, was bestowed by Parliament on Cromwell himself. But a difficulty soon arose. In many of these properties the Marquess of Worcester had only a life interest, and they were settled on his eldest son in tail. This was the future Duke, but he was by no means content with the rôle of delinquent Cavalier, whatever his private sympathies and convictions. He courted Cromwell, accepted Protestantism, sat for Monmouth in the Rump Parliament, and passed as "Mr. Herbert." At the same time he pushed his own claims to the Welsh fief, and they had to be listened to. On condition of his abandoning his reversionary rights to the Chepstow lands, the remainder were, on easy terms, handed over to him. As Badminton came to him also at about this time, Mr. Herbert was, even under the Commonwealth, a rich and influential man. When the tide of reaction came, he was among the first to ride it, waiting on Charles II at Breda on the eve of the Restoration. There was some family friction over his re-entry into the estates, the Marquess complaining that his son was intriguing against him. But by this time he had immersed himself again in his "Operatory," where his researches not only seemed to endanger the inventor's balance of mind but to threaten the family with ruin. Lord Herbert's determination, therefore, to retain such parts of the family estates as were in his hands was, perhaps, not only excusable but wise. The old Marquess being pre-occupied by his experiments, Lord Herbert was, for years before he succeeded in 1667, recognised as the leading man of the family.

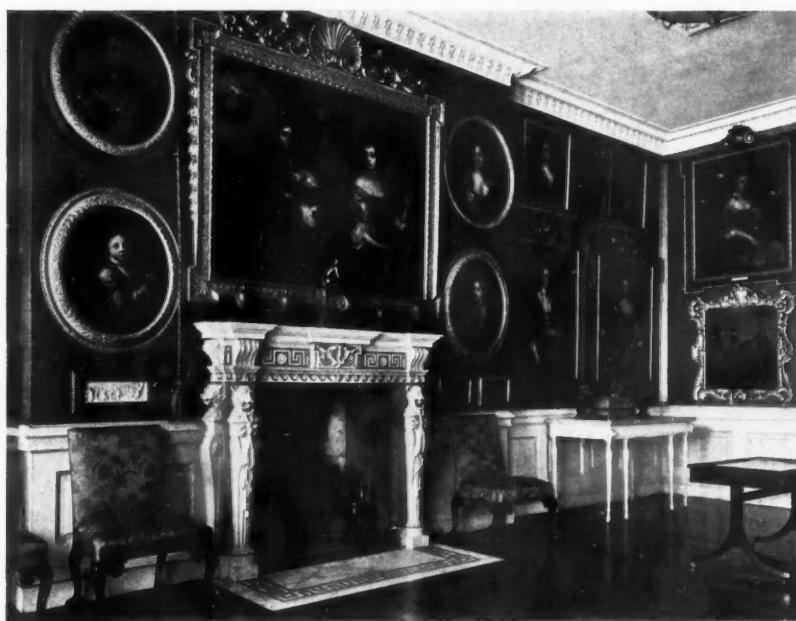
Anthony Wood describes him as the "richest subject that the King hath." The scale of his household at Badminton, which struck one contemporary as "above any other except crowned heads, in some respects greater than most of them, to whom he might have been an example," was feudal rather than of his age, notwithstanding the precedent set by Versailles. He had, we are told, about two hundred persons all provided for. The west wing, where the offices lie, is that part of Badminton into which much of the old house was incorporated, but the great servants' hall is an excrescence flanking the south garden court and had to be built for this vast household. A minute description of the *régime* at Badminton is given in "The Lives of the Norths," which is worth quoting at length. In the servants' hall were "nine original tables covered every day; the whole lay in view of him that was their chief, who had the power to do what was proper to keeping order amongst them. The tables were properly assigned, as, for



7.—CARVED OVERMANTEL IN THE LIBRARY



8.—THE PRINCIPAL STAIRCASE



9.—SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAITS IN THE EAST ROOM

"Country Life"



10.—THE FIRST DUKE AND HIS FAMILY, BY S. BROWNE, 1685

example, the chief steward with the gentlemen and pages ; the master of the horse with the coachmen and liveries ; an under steward with the bailiffs and some husbandmen ; the clerk of the kitchen with the bakers, brewers, etc., altogether ; and the more inferior people under these in places apart.

"All the provisions of the family came from foreign parts, as merchandise, [but] soap and candle were made in the house ; so likewise the malt was



11.—IN THE RED ROOM. OVER THE FIREPLACE: THE MARQUESS OF HERTFORD, BY VANDYCK

ground there ; and all the drink that came to the duke's table was of malt sun-dried upon the leads of his house.

"As for the duke and duchess and their friends, there was no time of the day without diversion. Breakfast in her gallery that opened into the gardens ; then, perhaps, a deer was to be killed, or the gardens and parks to be visited. And so, in the afternoon, when ladies were disposed to air, and the gentlemen with them, coaches and six came to hold them all. At half an hour after eleven the bell rang to prayers, so at six in the evening ; and, through a gallery, the best company went to an aisle in the church. The ordinary pastime of the ladies was in a gallery on the other side, where she had divers gentlewomen commonly at work upon embroidery and fringemaking ; for all the beds of state were made and finished in the house.

"The meats were very neat, and not gross, no servants in livery attended, but those called

12.—BEBE. A WAX EFFIGY OF KING STANISLAS OF POLAND'S DWARF
26ins. high

gentlemen only ; and in several kinds, even down to the small beer, nothing could be more choice than the table was. It was an oblong, not an oval ; and the duchess, with two daughters only, sat at the upper end. If the gentlemen chose a glass of wine, then civil offers were made either to go down into the vaults, which were very large and sumptuous, or servants, at a given sign, attended with salvers, etc., and many a brisk round went about ; but no sitting at a table with tobacco and healths, as the too common use is."

This picture of Badminton belongs to the end of the first Duke's lifetime. He had begun not only re-building, but furnishing, thirty years before. There is a letter of his to the Duchess, whom he treated with a charming deference within her own domain, telling her that he has bought pictures at auction at Somerset House "for above £100, sold at outcry as the fashion is in Holland." A day or two later he confesses they "cost £193, and with the carriage and frames will reach £250" ; but then there are thirty of them, and all, "except six which

are Roman heads and ordinary," are approved by those who understand.

The carving over the dining-room fireplace, a characteristic example of Grinling Gibbons's decoration, dates the room as subsequent to 1682, when the Marquess of Worcester was given the ducal coronet displayed in the carving. The four door-cases also contain Gibbons-like ornament in their baroque pediments. It is notable that mahogany, which must be among the earliest to have been imported, was used sparingly, for the panels are of oak. The walls are subdivided by stout Corinthian columns carrying, not the usual box cornice or enriched cavetto, but a rather overpowering cornice of consoles. The chimneypiece itself is a replacement of Kent's time.

At right angles to the south front, and contained in the south-eastern of the four low wings at the corners of the main block, is the library (Fig. 4), which thus forms one end of the suite occupying the ground floor of the east front. At the other is the principal ballroom. Both are loftier rooms than those intervening, their roofs having been raised in Regency times when the existing ceilings were inserted. It is not quite clear if the rest of the library was remodelled at the same time, but the oak shelving and entablature is probably not later than 1700, while the curious overmantel (Fig. 7) is something of a problem. It consists of amazingly life-like representations of common and garden plants, ranging from wheat to roses, each spray enclosed in a waving guilloche.

Surmounting this botanical compendium is a Gibbon-esque basket of flowers, but the work as a whole, though the influence of the master is evident, suggests studio work. But in 1754 Bishop Pococke describes a picture as hanging over the library chimney. Another remarkable object, or rather personage, in the library is Bébé—a life-size wax effigy of a dwarf belonging to Stanislas, King of Poland, wearing his actual clothes. He is 26ins. high and stands in his own specially made glass case.

The other rooms of the east front are chiefly notable for the superb collection of historical portraits that clothe their walls. The Red Room (Fig. 11) hung with old flock paper, is largely devoted to sixteenth and early seventeenth century portraits, the East Room (Fig. 9) to contemporaries of the first Duke, including the delightful family group, dated 1685, by a little-known English artist, S. Browne, which is reproduced in Fig. 10.

The great oak staircase (Fig. 8), west of the grand hall, is interesting, being of the first Duke's time and as ascending in many flights to the top of the house. Lit by a skylight and occupying a relatively insignificant position in the plan, it presents a contrast to the spacious alterations made by the third Duke early in the next century, when staircases were made a principal feature of a great house. It is hung from ground to roof with pictures, some of them of considerable merit, such as some unusual Wootton topographical landscapes. But the finest of these we shall meet with next week in the third Duke's great entry hall.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE LOST PEMBROKE PAPERS—BY EDITH OLIVIER

IT was long believed at Wilton that all the Pembroke family papers had been burnt in a succession of fires. Lord Herbert did not accept this view, and for years he hunted for them. At last, in 1933, in the approved fairy-story manner, he entered, by a trap-door in the floor of the Estate Office, into a long-forgotten cellar. Before his eyes there lay, in damp, dirt and darkness, a large heap of ancient documents. The lost papers were found. But in what a condition! Many were only fragments, and all had evidently lain undisturbed for more than a century in pools of water. After six years of deciphering, collating, and transcribing with consummate patience and skill, Lord Herbert has at last called his ancestors from the tomb, and now there step through that trap-door the full-length figures of *Henry, Elizabeth and George* (Jonathan Cape, 18s.).

They were the tenth Earl of Pembroke, his wife, Lady Elizabeth Spencer, and their son; and the correspondence mainly concerns the Grand Tour taken by George between 1775 and 1780. This is the Lady Pembroke of whom Horace Walpole wrote that she had "the face of a Madonna, with all the modesty of that idea"; and the serene beauty of her ivory-toned profile is well known from Reynolds' great portrait at Wilton. Here we see her for the first time in the round. She reveals herself frankly in her letters. Tenderness and dignity, sense and sensibility, culture and common sense—all are there. She and her sister Lady Diana Beauclerk both married difficult men. Lady Pembroke tells George that she has in her life "acquired some share of philosophy," telling her that "everybody has their own Hobby horse, and all men I believe like their own way." In another letter, writing of Topham Beauclerk, she breaks out into "Husbands are dreadfull and powerfull animals."

This was probably true of Lord Pembroke, but he was far from being only a coarse, self-willed, and unfaithful husband. His racy, rollicking, and amusing letters prove that he was also a man of varied tastes and considerable gifts. Horses were his passion. He established a famous *manège* at Wilton, and his two books on equitation were best sellers. Wilton contains many drawings collected by him in connection with this art, notably the Morier reproduced by Lord Herbert, where Kitty Hunter (with whom Lord Pembroke eloped for some months in 1762) is seen dressed as a page and holding a horse. She looks like an exquisite "principal boy" from some super-pantomime of the eighteenth century. Though Lord Pembroke was a major-general at twenty-six, he was more than a brilliant cavalry leader. His shooting parties with his friends were interspersed with "Fidling Parties," when he took part in concerts of chamber music. Then he was a violent politician, and, though he warned his son to beware of the censor in writing from abroad about politics, he himself made no secret of his opposition to the Government (which in 1780 deprived him of his office of Lord Lieutenant of Wiltshire) and says that one of the "melancholy sights" he saw in Portsmouth was "the First Lord of the Admiralty daring to walk the streets alive: avoided, hated and despised, however." With all this, George's education was planned to the last detail by his father. During these four years, every book he read, every sight he saw, every hour given to his various studies, were dictated by his father from home. It is, however, fair to say that after one list of galleries to be visited he adds this comment: "The devil of one of all these did we see."

At first the letters strike one as curiously modern, but gradually one realises that the civilisation they describe is indeed dead.

To-day, only parents who are specifically scholars could thus supervise their son's education, and write with such ease of the books he was reading; but these parents were a typical man and woman of fashion in their day. This culture was evidently in the air they breathed. Then again, there was no difficulty about George's touring through Europe when most of the countries he visited were at war with England. Lord Pembroke merely advises him not to wear uniform in Parisian society! In these days, when the enormous war machine sweeps the individuals of all nations into its relentless orbit, it is happy to find oneself in a world where ugly war did not debar the citizens of one country from the beauties of another. The eighteenth century shows itself again as the century of true proportions.

Traders' Dream, by R. H. Mottram. (Appleton-Century, 12s. 6d.) SPICES from remote tropical isles, gold from Golconda, wealth uncounted from half-legendary lands held in fee by half-mythical monarchs with fantastic names, lands which, despite Marco Polo and the Venetians, still lay in the half-light of mystery and imagination—such was the *Traders' Dream*, the dream of the Company of Merchant Adventurers trading to the East Indies. For this is the tale of old John Company, whose hazardous trading-posts destiny took and shaped into the Indian Empire. We are familiar—perhaps too familiar, judging by the usual modern attitude of indifference towards India and all its works—with the salient events of that shaping, the Black Hole of Calcutta, Plassey, the achievements of Clive and Warren Hastings, the campaigns of the nineteenth century, and the like. We are inclined perhaps to regard history as only a series of mighty events, without being aware of the slow, steady every-day work that forms their background and is the crucible in which they are moulded. This book of Mottram's is a valuable adjuster of perspective, and the most interesting part of it is undoubtedly that which shows the directors—or "committees" as they were first called—at work in the London offices of the Company. First they met in Philpot Lane, then after 1621 in Crosby Hall, then at Leadenhall Street, where they were to stay in various buildings for two hundred and twenty years—the rest of the Company's existence, in fact. It is in the minutes and records of the Committees' and directors' deliberations and actions that the real fascination lies of that amazing Company. And what a comprehensive, unemotional record it is! In the midst of delicate negotiations between King and Parliament we read of pensions to widows of servants of the Company—and the Company was nearly always generous and fair on those occasions—while voting presents to Oriental potentates, and to their own rulers too, they are concerned with the unmannly behaviour of shareholders; the strands of humdrum routine and high policy weave the pattern of history. Huge profits were made, great risks were taken; pepper became the golden key to prosperity, and then tea—though why does the author omit to mention opium in an otherwise fair and unbiased record? The Company makes wars, in spite of itself becomes an imperial power, until on August 2nd, 1858, Queen Victoria becomes the ruling sovereign of the Empire it had created, and the Company passes away. Few human institutions can point to such a record. The most fantastic dreams of fiction are unimaginative beside the sober facts. The tale is brilliantly told here, romance receiving all the weight of authenticity, facts the clearest representation and carefully balanced interpretation.

C. E. G. H.

Gainsborough's Landscape Drawings, by Mary Woodall. (Faber and Faber, 30s.)

AT the time of the Gainsborough Bicentenary Exhibition at Ipswich, and again at Sir Philip Sassoon's exhibition in London, it became evident that Gainsborough, the landscape painter, is as important, and to some people even more attractive, than Gainsborough the portrait painter. Had his contemporaries been of the same opinion, Gainsborough might never have painted portraits, but he had to do so for

a living, and continued to make landscape sketches for his pleasure. These have been systematically catalogued for the first time, and collectors will be grateful to Miss Woodall for the very accurate and lucid arrangement of her catalogue, as well as for the excellent Introduction describing Gainsborough's development and influence. Though the book deals primarily with Gainsborough's drawings, the illustrations include several of his paintings, as well as the work of other artists introduced for the sake of comparison. An interesting point is Gainsborough's almost exact copy of a Ruisdael landscape, now in the Louvre, and of a sporting picture by Teniers. So much for his forerunners; but his close affinity with Crome and Constable, to say nothing of modern English landscape painting is even more remarkable. His style is surprisingly varied—few artists have used so many different kinds of medium—yet every drawing speaks of his love for the English countryside, and, as Miss Woodall says, "it was his realistic approach to nature which freed English landscape from the tyranny of the Italian fashion."

Pates Siding, by Bernice Kelly Harris. (Putnam, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is the story of a farming community of kinsfolk, living, in an almost patriarchal manner, in North Carolina during the early years of this century. Theirs is a life so rustic and quiet and innocent that the reader finds it hard to believe that time has not stood still in Pates Siding for a hundred years; or, rather, he would do so did he not believe with absolute faith that every word which Mrs. Harris writes is true. The many uncles and aunts and cousins are at first a little difficult to sort out, just as their language is difficult to understand; and yet this bewildered reader will, after a few pages, find himself entirely at home in a strange new world of cotton and tobacco and

sincerity, passion, beauty. In short, it is a book, for a man has written it according to Walter De La Mare's recipe: "with life-blood, ink, tears and humility."

V. H. F.

The Man Who Killed Hitler. Anonymous. (Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d.) AS many will remember, Mr. Putnam, the American publisher of "The Man Who Killed Hitler" was kidnapped by Nazis and threatened with death. It was a typical error of Nazi psychology, for no anti-Nazi could have devised a more brilliant débâcle for any book. Not that this book needs advertisement; it succeeds on its merits, not to mention its title. The tense, pitiful plot is reinforced by a masterly insight into the mental disease so largely responsible for Nazi theories and practice, the disease of "the paranoiacs, with their delusions of grandeur, their inability to absorb humiliation, their superstitions and bursts of tears." Mental deterioration and spiritual death are the inevitable results in those who embrace the doctrines, while a ruthless espionage prevents any hope of escape or withdrawal. This anonymous, deeply informed book is particularly well worth reading at the present moment.

V. H. F.

Tales by Australians. Edited by Edith M. Fry. (British Authors' Press, 7s. 6d.)

TWENTY-SIX short stories by Australian authors have been chosen by Miss Edith M. Fry to make this volume. Although unequal in merit, the stories all have the interest of dealing with some phase of life genuinely Australian. There is no genius here, but there is merit and promise. One of the best stories is Bartlett Adamson's "Nameless Man," a grim introduction to the rest; one of the worst is, almost incredibly, by Henry Handel Richardson. "The High Sheriff's Table" has attraction and pioneering history in it, and is written by Mary Grant Bruce; "Hear My Prayer," by Eleanor Dark, has originality; "Where's That Dog Spike?" by Dorothy Cottrell, has not only a lovingly rich understanding of dog nature, but also humour and literary quality; and the collection ends with a good sporting yarn, "The Vixen," by Roger Walford.

V. H. F.

MODES IN MURDER

THE fashion for murder stories has grown so tremendously that they can no longer be lumped together as one *genre*, but fall into four or five different and well defined types. There is the very readable kind with what might be called a novel-like treatment, with the emphasis on character and the detection sound but not obtrusive. Two shining examples of this type have been published recently, Miss Josephine Bell's "From Natural Causes" (Longmans, 7s. 6d.), with some highly medical murders, plenty of hospital scenes, and one character so brilliantly por-

trayed as to be positively gruesome; and Mr. E. C. R. Lorac's "Black Beadle" (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.), about the political rivalry and personal friendship of two outstanding young men and the web of intrigue and murder which surrounds them. Another type, preferred by the purists, is the one in which detection is all in all, the real battle of wits between writer and reader. A good example of this is Mr. John Rhodes' "Death on Sunday" (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.), in which Inspector Jimmy Waghorn stays at a highly respectable hotel near London and uncovers some far from respectable forgeries and murders. If you like your murders and detection at high speed, with sophisticated dialogue and plenty of millionaires about, there are Mr. Ellery Queen's "Dragon's Teeth" (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), a tale of a freak will and two missing heiresses and a chewed fountain-pen; and "Red Gardenias" (Jonathan Latimer; Methuen, 7s. 6d.), which has one of those shrewd, hard-drinking young detectives with a wise-cracking blonde assistant, and a great many deaths by exhaust fumes. Finally, there is the simple thriller, of which Mr. Nicholas Blake's "The Smiler with the Knife" (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.) is a first-class example in the Buchan manner. A Fascist plot, engineered by England's degenerate aristocracy, is afoot, and is only foiled by Georgia Strangeways' courage and cunning. Though Mr. Blake appears to know more about the degeneracy of the aristocracy than the use of their titles, this is a stirring and well planned tale.

A. C. H.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

COUNTRY NOTES, by V. Sackville West (Joseph, 10s. 6d.); **THE SEASONS OF THE FARMER**, by F. Fraser Darling (Cambridge University Press, 6s.); **HALF BREED**, by Lovat Dickson (Davies, 10s. 6d.); **NECK OR NOTHING**, by William Roughead (Cassell, 10s. 6d.); **LAND BELOW THE WIND**, by Agnes Keith (Joseph, 12s. 6d.); **LIMPOPO JOURNEY**, by Carol Birkby (Muller, 12s. 6d.); **FULL CRY**, by J. Ivester Lloyd (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.); **Fiction: THE SONG OF THE PEASANT**, by Robert Young (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.); **SISTER OF THE ANGELS**, by Elizabeth Goudge (Duckworth, 5s.); **Nativity Play: HE THAT SHOULD COME**, by Dorothy Sayers (Gollancz, 2s.).

(Books and Authors continued on p. xxiv.)



MISS KITTY HUNTER, LIEUTENANT JOHN FLOYD (LATER SIR JOHN FLOYD, Bart.), AND AN OFFICER OF THE ROYALS. From the painting by David Morier

(From "Henry, Elizabeth and George")

rubber-tyred buggies, of revival meetings and Sunday schools, of grown-ups who stand up in a docile row to recite texts for the preacher, of little girls in white frocks being immersed in a pond as a sign that they have cast away sin. He will be so much at home that he may be almost afraid to look out of the window lest he should see Cousin Sell arriving with his one clean shirt, on an indefinite visit—Cousin Sell, who circulates for ever among his kinsfolk and can only be driven away by ghosts or bees or croton oil. There is genius in making the workaday events of this utterly remote life seem so close and vivid, but Mrs. Harris can do more than that; she can be touching without, as it were, raising a finger, without forcing a scene or overworking a word. The adoration of Dele Pate for her boy Calvin and the love-story of Calvin and Milly are told with a beautiful, heart-breaking simplicity. This is a very, very fine book. B. D.

No Arms No Armour, by Robert D. Henriques. (Nicholson and Watson, 8s. 6d.)

TO win a prize with a book is to incur in advance the suspicion, if not the scepticism, of the reader—unless that reader happens to be the simple sort for whom all is truth provided he sees it in print. And the author of this book has won with it no less than an all-nations prize of £3,000. Nevertheless, before we have reached the middle of "No Arms No Armour," we concede that Mr. Robert Henriques almost deserves his luck, and by the end we are ready to allow that it is not luck but merit. He writes with intimate knowledge, love and criticism of the British Army as he knew it ten years ago; he is now serving again, thus cutting the ground from under the feet of those who would otherwise say that there is more criticism than anything else. But all that is only half of his book, and the lesser half. His real subject is that which James Stephens once said was the only one for a competent novelist: a subject "showing the growth of a soul to some maturity." In this novel a young officer gradually discovers that he is not only a healthy animal, but has a divine spark within him, a spark that he may fan or extinguish, as he chooses. The book has strength,

ANCESTORS IN ACTION

A COLLECTION OF VICTORIAN SNAPSHOTS

IN every country house, and in most town ones where a family has lived for a generation, on the lowest, darkest shelf in the library there are likely to be two or three large books. They will probably be thick and leather-covered, and sometimes even possess that odd Victorian suggestion of secrecy, a clasp across their gilt-edged pages locking, before it was lost, with a little gold key. They are probably very shabby, for certainly there is nothing like leather of a certain sort, at least on the backs of books, for suddenly perishing and crumbling into ruin, and they have not been opened for years, for these are the family "photo albums." From the eighteen-sixties through the eighteen-eighties they were in vogue, then they fell on evil days and were deprived of their proud place on one of the drawing-room tables; but there are many less amusing ways of spending a fireside hour in the Christmas holidays than in turning over their thick pages.

The very earliest photographs in the albums will not go back further than the eighteen-fifties, but that is almost a hundred years now, and the men and women of that period, with stove-pipe hats and tight trousers, with crinolines and lappets and dear little skittish hats, are a fascinating sight even when they are unnamed strangers; when they happen to be your own grand- and great-grandparents and aunts and uncles the fascination is doubled. Sometimes it is possible to recall old stories about them that have been handed down; they did not have such dull lives, those Victorians—for instance, in one of my albums there is a picture of a handsome and dashing young man of the eighteen-seventies



TRIPPERS MADE A GOOD TARGET FOR THE EARLY PHOTOGRAPHER



CROQUET AT RANELAGH IN 1904



CHURCH PARADE IN HYDE PARK MANY YEARS AGO

who, I know, was nothing of the sort, but a wild young girl who had many odd adventures in this disguise and became the wife of a well known man and the mother of a family. For some reason—perhaps because their fashions change more slowly than women's do—the men's clothes of yesteryear often look curiously common; the women, on the whole, are rather good to see, in spite, in some early pictures, of much extraordinarily clumsy dress making which seemed to delight in uneven skirts, puckered draperies and lumpy pleating. All through the period it is interesting to see how fashions have repeated themselves, always with a slight adaptation which hall-marks them as of their day, and to note how an effect of alikeness is created among the wearers; these Victorian belles resemble each other quite as much as do Sir Peter Lely's ladies. General Tom Thumb, who seems to have impressed our ancestors, will probably be among the albums' curiosities, but on the whole the impression given is that our forebears were a dignified, even a stately race. They sit with one arm on a sofa back or stand with one elbow on a pedestal, in very striking attitudes; but we happen to know their secret and all about the nasty little "rests" that even a dentist would disdain to-day, which held them taut and still for the time necessary for the exposure of the old-fashioned photographic plate.

That, of course, accounts for one of the peculiarities of the "photo album"; there are family groups in it, and teams of cricketers, and lines of Volunteers, newly engaged couples, and even young bloods in checks with their dogs, but nobody is ever doing anything.

In a new book—"Victorian Snapshots" (Country Life, 8s. 6d.)—there is actually a photograph reproduced of the opening in 1854 of the re-built Crystal Palace at Sydenham: save for the clothes, it is just what such a scene would be to-day, and the author, Mr. Paul Martin, has photographs of action taken in the 'eighties to show us, though it was not till the 'nineties that the instantaneous photograph made snap-shooting general. The first part of his book gives a very interesting history of the development of the art of the Press photographer; the second half is devoted to examples of early photography that might well be studied in conjunction with the photograph albums. There is a section of his book devoted to "Life in Town," with lovely pictures of a hansom cab accident in Holborn and one of a fire in the Strand with a fire-engine drawn by two white horses, both with crowds behaving just exactly as we do to-day. "Public Events and Society" afford the artist delicious subjects. In another section there is a picture of an early motor car that is almost a joke; but in most of them it is the likeness to our doings of to-day, in spite of superficial changes, which attracts attention rather than the difference. In no section is this to be seen more plainly than in

"The Countryside." Sowing and reaping and binding are the same actions as they always were; directly man is not performing them with a machine he does them with the same ages-old gesture; there are the funny hats and the queer trousers, but apart from that half the photographs in this book might have been taken to-day. A beautiful study of an old tramp taking a rest by the River Mole naturally—poverty being little concerned with fashion—does not give us a hint that it was taken fifty years ago, and a meet of the hounds in 1885 has dated very little. Again, as with the photograph album, it is the women's clothes that emphasise the period. Men, whether lords or labourers, merely look like workmen; women definitely belong to another age, as, for instance, in "Holiday Visitors Lend a Hand Down on the Farm"—which is dated "In the nineties," though



LIFE IN THE 'NINETIES. THE HOLIDAY-MAKERS LEND A HAND! DOWN ON THE FARM

I fancy that the photographer is wrong there and the 'eighties would have been nearer the mark—or in the exquisite composition "Church Parade in Hyde Park."

This most entertaining, even exciting, book casts an interesting and rather frightening light on our photograph albums, for it shows that, odd and queer and old-fashioned as the men and women in them are in appearance, we shall, presumably, look just as odd and queer fifty years hence. Yet we know that we are vivid, intelligent, alluring beings, and so no doubt did they. There is more hope for us perhaps, since the coming of the snapshot; for movement is not only the characteristic of life, but its unchanging element. It is only dress and affection that belong to a period, and we ourselves are not at all unlike in our doings, if not in our looks, the ancestors whom Mr. Martin shows us in action. B. E. S.

NOTES ON HUNTING

THE HORSE'S VIEW

THEY are long and sometimes weary—these war-time hunting days. Hounds meet at ten-thirty, with a view to knocking off round about two; failing which the black-out would be upon us before those kennel and stable duties were done which must end every hunting day, war or no war. For the sportsman (or woman) with but one horse a day—not to mention the owners of but one horse at all—this means that, if trouble is to be avoided, those principles of horsemanship which were commonplace rule of thumb among our fathers must now be extracted from the limbo of things half forgotten, or never known, and put into actual rigid practice once more.

But there is a difference, to the horse, between carrying us from eight or eight-thirty until four o'clock or thereabouts, as he now often has to do, and carrying us from eleven till three or half-past, which was all that many horses did until lately, before being themselves carried home in a horse-box. It is a far greater difference than is indicated by the longer hours alone; and, unless we are careful, it will quickly make all the difference between his being able to carry or carrying us, or otherwise.

Let us remember, for instance, that a too-tight girth not only irks the horse where it lies—even to the point of partially arresting the circulation of blood—but that it denies relief to the wither and forward rib muscles when our weight is off the saddle; and since this should happen every other stride at a trot, it is of considerable importance that the saddle should not be pulled on to the back by the girths every time the horse fills his lungs—let alone when he does not. Our weight on the saddle is, at best, ample.

Let us remember, then, that if the saddle fits the horse, it will not slip round, nor—unless the horse is a very bad shape—will it slip back; that if it does not fit, the trouble we shall get would take too long to discuss here; and that in no case is a tight girth the right (or any) answer to anything. Above all, perhaps, let us, if he does get a sore back, wait until it is well before hunting again, and not prematurely confide our horse's welfare to Christian Science and a sheepskin; for to do so is bad Christianity and worse science.

If it is necessary—which ought to be rare—to have our curb-chain somewhat tight in order to ride a particular horse with hounds in comfort, this does not mean that it is even permissible, from the horse's point of view, to have it anything of the kind during the three or four hours he spends carrying us out and home again. Such negligence will, in fact, merely deaden further a mouth already, presumably, insensitive enough, and will render unnecessarily irksome what should be periods of at least comparative rest to the horse.

Any of us who have thankfully laid down a bag of golf clubs after four miles of steady foozling will have some idea of the

relief felt by the horse whenever we get off his back. So let us get off—often—whenever, in fact, we can snatch an opportunity throughout the day, whether before, during, or after hunting. I know of no more unsympathetic sight than that of a great lump of a man eating his lunch, huddled upon the weary back of a faithful slave. I know it is a long way up again. So did the man who made our stirrup leathers with holes in them. If our horse won't stand to be mounted, let us see whether doing so a bit oftener will not make both of us better at it. We shall find that it will.

If our way home is long, let us take advantage of a stream or pond (ponds are seldom unhealthily stagnant in winter) to give our horse a drink, having ridden him right into the water to refresh his tired legs. This makes a great difference at the end of a long day, as the exercise of a very little imagination will make clear to those of us who have never been out stalking, or on a long route-march.

Lastly, let us remember that, to our horse, nothing can excuse our hurrying, either out or home.

The above are just a few of the things we can see to and, indeed, must see to, if our hunters are to survive these war seasons without casualties, the majority of which are avoidable. Experience and a little thought, under conditions which are frankly novel to some of us, will disclose others; while, notably among the diminished hunting "fields" of to-day, sound advice is to be had for the asking.

I have written elsewhere, and I do so again, that he is a bad man who is not good friends with his horse after a few long hacks home in the winter evenings. The long hacks home will now be a matter of course. So must the friendships be.

THE VALUE OF HUNTING

I see that a lady in Yorkshire has written to the papers to say that "to preserve foxes for hunting in war-time is to sacrifice large numbers of poultry which might otherwise be killed for human consumption"—or words to that effect. She writes from—if not for—the Society for the Prevention of Cruel Sports, and, I can only suppose, wants to see the wholesale slaughter of foxes by some unspecified process, presumably humane, which, however, she omits to indicate. She may, of course, have rather lost the thread of it all for the moment. The war, you know. But it does not sound very consistent, does it?

I see also, to my very great content, that Mr. Wynmalen, Master of the Woodland and himself a financial expert, has computed (and, what is better, has given chapter and verse for it) that the annual turnover directly or indirectly attributable to hunting alone "is not less than £15,000,000." Now this is talking; for it puts the sport among the great industries, such as are not

lightly to be dismissed, or abused, or put upon, either by law or by cranks. As an example of saying the right thing at the right time, this effort could scarcely be improved upon, and we should all be grateful, and more than grateful, to him who made it, for pointing to a series of facts which are not only uncontestedly true but are mainly new—or at least novel—and of the first importance.

At the meet on the opening day for one of the local packs, there would in peace-time have been between two and three hundred mounted followers. On this day there were, perhaps, thirty. One missed the crowd and all the colour and bustle, but one did not look in vain for the warmth of a genuine greeting from those

who were there. Much after this wise, I fancy, must the meets of hounds have been in the days of our forefathers.

This day was notable for a really excellent afternoon hunt, the latter part of it over a good, stiff line which had to be jumped. Many people had gone home before it started, and most others before it ended, leaving seven of us, including the servants, to see the finish. Among us was a certain well known lady "regular" on her second-best horse. The pair were worth watching, and I was thankful to be well enough mounted to do so.

This was one of those gallops one puts in the savings-bank of memories, whence nothing can take it from us. BRIDOOON.

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

A PREHISTORIC PEEP

WHEN there is so little present golf it is natural to let the mind wander back to the golf that is past. A kind friend has told me in a letter a little story of nearly forty years ago, and I found it so pleasant that I hope others may do so too. As he has written at least one admirable book and ought to write several more, it would be a piece of impertinence for me to paraphrase him; so here it is in his own words: "In the early days of the present century, as Thomas Hardy would say, I went one evening to a restaurant near Piccadilly Circus and, as I sat down, I saw Braid and Vardon at the next table. They had evidently been playing golf, for their bags of clubs were leaning against a vacant chair. There were no hoods in those days and the irons were pushed into the bags with the grips uppermost. I was an indifferent but enthusiastic golfer, and the sight of these great men eating food alongside me was a delightful experience. I felt as I suppose a typist would who found herself sitting beside Greta Garbo in a tea-shop. At another table a young man was sitting with two girls. They were what would now be called 'bright young people,' and they evidently intended their conversation to be audible to everyone in their neighbourhood. Bags of golf clubs were about as common in London as hansom cabs are now, and the young man explained to the girls what the funny things were which they saw leaning against the chair. He said he had played golf when he stayed with friends at North Berwick. He then rose and walked over to the bags and, saying 'Excuse me,' he pulled out an iron. He made me think of the man in the Bible who reached out his hand to steady the Ark of the Covenant when he thought it was going to fall off the bullock cart, but no fire came down from Heaven to destroy him. He wagged the club in a knowing way, and then said to the great ones, 'You know, I don't like this club. There's something wrong with the balance.' Vardon looked at him solemnly and shook his head; Braid just gave him a good-natured smile. Neither of them spoke."

A gentle little story, perhaps, but, if I may respectfully say so, very well told, so that it brings a picture before the eye. It is highly characteristic, too, of those two distinguished golfers, men of unexampled dignity, never given to superfluous conversation. I enjoy my friend's similitudes, and I like his simple reverence for the truly great. I cannot help wondering whether the champions of to-day are quite such deities to their admirers. That they have a larger circle of them there can be no doubt, but is it quite so reverently an adoring one? It may be that when golf was more of an esoteric mystery than it is now its votaries, feeling themselves of the elect, were the more devoted in consequence. It may be, again—and this is probably nearer to the prosaic truth—that my friend and I are now a little past the hero-worshipping age, in that we can still prostrate ourselves in memory before the heroes of our youth, but not quite so deeply before modern ones. We have become a little too stiff in the knees for such genuflexions. It is interest-

ing, too, to be reminded of the days when bags had no hoods. It brings back the sensation of wet and slimy grips, for, in a real deluge the rain reached the uttermost parts of the bag. Yet that was not the worst; the real sorrow of a drowning day, which had nothing to do with a lack of hoods, was the terrible harm that could be wrought to a wooden club-head, made, as it used to be, of soft wood. Its face could be reduced almost to pulp. After such a day the club-makers were busy putting in leather faces, but even a leather face could become sodden and horrible. The life of a cherished club was brief and precarious, and one never knew when one might be in mourning.

There is one point in my friend's narrative which a little surprises me, namely, the extreme rarity of the sight of a bag of clubs in London, so late as the twentieth century. I should have said that by that time it had ceased to be an extraordinary phenomenon. He is, unless I insult him, fully as old as I am, but I am not sure that he has played golf as long, and moreover he is a Scotman and so may be inclined to attribute ignorance to the poor English. I am disposed to think that all those who have played golf for a good long time, at any rate in England, believe that the moment of their beginning was also the moment of golf beginning to boom there. I began to play "way back" in the 'eighties, and so I should attribute to some such antediluvian period as that the general astonishment caused by the strange spectacle of clubs. In the first *Golfing Annual*, published in 1888, and unique in its red cover as contrasted with its green successors, there is an article supposed to be by a non-golfer. I have always suspected Horace Hutchinson of it, for no better reason than that it dealt with golf at Eastbourne, where he used to play. The writer, whoever he was, describes how he saw a golfer pick up a shell and, rushing up to him, exclaimed: "Ha, my dear sir, I observe you are a conchologist." That kind of joke comes from the days when golf and golf clubs

were still new and astonishing in England. Indeed, it seems now to belong to almost as remote an age as that which conchologists presumably investigate. But between that date and the beginning of this century the game had made vast strides. Beyond doubt there was an era, which lasted a good long time, in which the sight of a bag of clubs served as an introduction between those who were otherwise strangers. It was in the 'nineties—I am sure I have told this story before—that a very good golfer, whom I will simply designate G. E., was in the train bound for Sandwich, with his clubs in the rack. To him enters a friendly gentleman who, seeing the clubs, at once opened fire with "I see you're a golfer. Going to Sandwich, I suppose." "Oh, no," replied G. E., with instant resource; "I've never played the game in my life—I'm only taking the clubs down for a friend." How different are things to-day, when clubs form no such bond. One would no more address their owner than one would say fraternally to a stranger with an umbrella: "Ah, I see you think it's going to rain."



BRAID WATCHES HIS PARTNER VARDON DRIVE IN A FOURSOME AT TIMPERLEY IN 1906



YOUNGER BRITISH PAINTERS

(Above) A CORNER OF THE BRITISH ART CENTRE
AT THE STAFFORD GALLERY

(Left) JOHN RHODES, BY CATHLEEN MANN
At the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition

(Below) BUILDERS IN THE HOUSE, BY STANLEY SPENCER
At the City Literary Institute

PROBABLY one of the reasons why the man in the street feels out of touch with contemporary art is that he has so few opportunities of seeing it and becoming familiar with its aims. Now, under the stress of war conditions, efforts are being made in different directions to overcome these difficulties. At Oxford, a room of the emptied Ashmolean Museum has been used to display the work of some younger British painters; in London, the British Institute of Adult Education has followed its successful efforts in the provinces by opening an Exhibition of Modern English and French Painting at the City Literary Institute, Stukeley Street, off Drury Lane; and a new British Art Centre has been formed at the Stafford Gallery. At all these exhibitions one is struck by the very interesting work of the younger generation of English painting. "Younger generation" is a very elastic term, and at Oxford this covers the work of such established artists as Duncan Grant, Stanley Spencer and Paul Nash; but at all three exhibitions there is good work by less well known painters.

Now that Oxford is housing so many institutions and individuals normally in London, it is very appropriate that they should be given an opportunity of seeing good examples of contemporary painting. Moreover, as the Slade School has moved to Oxford and is housed at the Ashmolean Museum, together with the Ruskin School, it is a great advantage to the students to be able to see the work of former generations of students who have now distinguished themselves.

The pictures were collected by invitation, and in most cases the artists are represented by two pictures each, sometimes aptly chosen to illustrate two aspects of their work. Thus Stanley Spencer appears both as a landscape painter in the "Rock Garden, Cookham Dean" and as a figure painter in the absurdly grotesque "Husband and Wife." Compared with the landscape "From a Cottage Garden, Compton Abbas," by Gilbert Spencer, which hangs just opposite, Stanley Spencer's landscape looks a little too mechanical in its detail and leaves the impression that he takes more pleasure in producing his Brueghesque figure subjects, which were the cause of his rejection by the Royal Academy and which most people find so difficult to swallow. The caricature element was always present in his work, but now the curiously distorted human figures seem to occupy his mind entirely. The change is obvious in the City Literary Institute exhibition, where "Builders in the House," which was exhibited in the Academy in 1935, the year of his resignation, hangs beside the more recent "Village Lovers." Stanley Spencer has already found a number of imitators in his various styles, and the large and very gay composition by Mary Adshead, "The Porch," which hangs at the end of the Oxford Exhibition, could hardly have been conceived without his example. The view of "Stockholm in



"Winter," by her husband, Stephen Bone, would be better if it were not so large. Richard Eurich, Charles Cundall, Donald Towne, Eve Kirk and Barnett Freedman show excellent landscapes and country scenes. The most striking portrait painter of the younger generation is William Coldstream, whose superbly modelled heads are entirely free from any fireworks such as the fashionable portrait painters who exhibit at the Royal Academy and the Royal Society of Portrait Painters employ. Coldstream's work may be dull in colour and lacking in emphasis at first sight, but it grows on you and reveals its beauty by degrees. Another exceedingly interesting young artist is Rodrigo Moynihan, also a former student of the Slade School. At Oxford he is showing a still-life and a landscape. and at Agnew's he has a very beautiful portrait.

In some respects a loan exhibition ought to show a higher standard, since all the works in it have met with the approbation of a purchaser. Sir Kenneth Clark, who opened the exhibition at the City Literary Institute arranged by Mrs. Cora Gordon, is also one of the lenders, and among his loans is an exquisite painting by Victor Passmore, "Girl in Striped Dress," with sensitive harmonies of soft colour, and a more abstract composition by Graham Sutherland, "Sun Setting between the Hedges."

One of the first English artists to go in for abstract painting, Wyndham Lewis is represented, curiously enough, by a very concrete portrait of his wife, but in the firm drawing one feels the result of his practice of treating a head in geometrical terms. At Oxford purely abstract art seems to have been ruled out, so that even Ben Nicholson is represented by an early landscape and a quite recognisable still-life with a teapot, instead of by squares and circles as in London. John Piper has designed some interesting theatrical-looking architectural fantasies. Paul Nash's two compositions, "The Two Serpents" and "Metamorphosis," are the most surrealist pictures on view, but his is a very English and pleasing type of surrealism, a natural development of his landscape paintings and his collections of "found objects."

There is a great deal of young talent and a great deal of originality. Peter Brook, Rodney Burn, Robin Guthrie, Kenneth Rowntree, Claude Rogers, and Douglas Percy Bliss,



THE STATION, CLARE, EVENING, BY KENNETH ROWNTREE
At the Ashmolean, Oxford

are all painters in love with their craft, delighting in the mere joy of translating their vision into terms of paint. But the variety of aim is too great to be summed up in a brief survey, and it only remains to recommend a visit to each or all of the three exhibitions where young artists' work is now so well represented. The British Art Centre at the Stafford Gallery, 13, St. James's Place, has opened with a mixed exhibition of the members' work, and as these include artists of all ages and all shades from John and Epstein to Blair Hughes-Stanton and Gertrude Hermes, it promises well and has the additional advantage of providing a club for artists and their friends.

The Royal Society of Portrait Painters is holding its usual exhibition at the Prince's Galleries, Piccadilly, but as it was not possible to obtain some of the recent portraits owing to difficulties of insurance and transport, a number of earlier works by some of the members have been included, and these present an interesting contrast.

M. CHAMOT.



MRS. BURGER, BY WILLIAM COLDSTREAM
At the Ashmolean



THE ARTIST'S WIFE, BY WYNDHAM LEWIS
At the City Literary Institute

FARMING NOTES

SUBSIDIES VERSUS FAIR PRICE

CHECKING through my farm accounts for last year—a depressing, if salutary, task—I notice how Government subsidies now mount up in the farm revenue. In the past year £36 5s. was drawn from the Land Fertility Committee in grants towards the cost of lime and basic slag; the Wheat Commission contributed £362 7s. to make good the standard price for the wheat sold, and the Livestock Commission provided £56 15s. 11d. in subsidies on the fat cattle sold. The rough total of Government subsidies received is £450, and that is more than my profit on the year's working. Subsidies are not, of course, the peculiar perquisite of the British farmer. In almost every country, even the Dominions and the United States as well as European countries, Governments have found it necessary to assist primary producers to keep them in business. The general level of world prices for farm produce has been too low to give them a decent living. For many reasons it would be more satisfactory, and certainly more self-respecting, if farmers could have been assured profitable prices without Government subventions, but in this country subsidies to home-producers have carried the advantage of cheap food for the public, and home agriculture has been kept more or less alive to take its part in the nation's life.

In my own case it would not have been possible to grow wheat at all without the promise of a standard price of 45s. a quarter. The costs of production have not been analysed, but I am pretty certain that this price would not have covered the outgoings on the 1939 wheat crop. Now that the standard price has been raised to 49s. 6d. a quarter—that is, from 10s. a hundredweight to 11s. a hundredweight—the extra 4s. 6d. a quarter will probably allow a small margin of profit. It will also provide some extra cash which is needed now to meet the higher wages bill and other increased costs through this year.

ALL-IN PRICES

No one need feel any shame about taking a Government subsidy on wheat or on fat cattle, or indeed on any product which is sold below the cost of production. In Britain we are accustomed to enjoy a cheap loaf and excellent beef at low cost, and on balance it is probably sound policy to safeguard the home producer by subsidies, which leave selling prices cheap. It is not certain in war-time how far these existing subsidies will continue. For the present the Wheat Commission remains in being and is responsible for bringing the farmer's selling price of wheat (7s. a hundredweight) up to the standard price of 11s. a hundredweight. But the day may come when the Minister of Food requisitions the home wheat crop at an all-in price. There is now to be an all-in price for fat cattle, which will be purchased by the Government. The scale of initial prices has been published and the cattle subsidy is included. Incidentally, this scale of prices does not hold for all time. It will be varied upwards as the feeding season proceeds. This is sound, because the cost of producing a stall-fed bullock is greater than the outlay on a bullock fattened mainly on grass through the summer and autumn. Personally, I shall not be sorry to see the subsidies disappear. An outright price fixed to give a fair return is better than an inadequate market price made good by Government subsidy. Some farmers have not relished the rôle of the pauper.

It will be a strange world when the Government are the buyers of almost everything which farmers have to sell. This will come about as the war goes on. We must expect that wheat, barley and potatoes, as well as fat cattle, fat sheep and fat pigs, will all be bought for Government account. Then Government cheques will amount to several thousand pounds and not merely the £450 in the case of my farm. There will be no scope for bargaining and good salesmanship. Some farmers have a gift for dealing, and generally manage to get a little more for their produce than their neighbours can. Unfortunately, some of us lack the dealer's aptitude, although we may be quite competent to grow decent crops and produce fat stock of the right quality. Those who do not enjoy bargaining in the markets will not worry if the Government do take over most commodities at fixed prices. But we shall have to look more than ever to the National Farmers'



THE FIRST FURROW. BEGINNING TO PLOUGH UP A SOMERSET PASTURE

Union to see that the fixed prices are right. No doubt that organisation will use all its powers of persuasion and argument with the Minister of Agriculture and the Minister of Food to secure a square deal for the home producer.

THE N.F.U.

The National Farmers' Union has rightly constituted itself the watchdog of the producers' interests; with 130,000 members in all the counties of England and Wales, the Union is, through its branches, in close touch with farmers' opinions and can tell what is likely to be the effect in practice of Government regulations and price-fixing orders. The Union has been doing good work for its members under the leadership of Mr. Tom Peacock, this year's President and a typical Cheshire yeoman. He and the general secretary, Mr. Cleveland Fyfe, have been in daily touch with the Ministry of Agriculture and the Ministry of Food. The Union also has representatives on the consultative committees which advise these departments on prices and other regulations. There is little doubt that without this practical

guidance the departments would not have kept pace as well as they have with the needs of the agricultural position.

As it is, Government pronouncements—for instance, the raising of the standard price for wheat—often lag several weeks behind the occasion. An increased price announced on the outbreak of war in early September would have had a most stimulating effect on the ploughing-up campaign and would, in all probability, have given the country a considerably increased acreage of winter wheat for the 1940 harvest. Be that as it may, the National Farmers' Union has much to its credit. It is only unfortunate that the rank and file of members in the counties have not been kept better posted in what the Union is doing. The full Council of the Union has not been meeting regularly, and the usual channels of information from headquarters through the branches have not been functioning freely. The National Farmers' Union in war-time, even more than in peace-time, is an invaluable organisation for crystallising the farmers' point of view and keeping them accurately informed about the course of events in agricultural politics. The leaders to-day bear heavy responsibilities. They can give advice on policy, but the decisions are not theirs. In these circumstances it is all the more necessary to have at the head of the Union men who can make out the strongest possible case in the farmers' interests.

WHICH FIELD TO PLOUGH

In many counties farmers who are being required to plough up grass fields are being given the opportunity of themselves choosing the fields which shall be ploughed. This seems common sense, because the farmer should be the best judge of his land and its capabilities. On some farms there may be an obvious choice. One field may be ideally suited for ploughing and only went down to grass after the last war because cereal prices were unremunerative. That field can very well be ploughed and cropped again. But there are many cases where the farmer must be in much doubt when presented with the instruction of the County War Agricultural Executive Committee to put the plough into one of his fields. Which field should he choose? The inclination may be to select the field which is now in good order and which offers the best prospect of a reasonably full crop for the 1940 harvest. But it should not be forgotten that the main purpose now must be to increase production from the farm as a whole. If the best of the grassfields is ploughed and the poorer fields left as they are, the actual gain in output from the farm will be very small. The ideal, of course, would be to increase production from all the fields and, in practice, the nearest approach to this ideal may very well be to tackle the poorest of the existing grassfields. Such fields are probably producing little and offer the greatest scope for improvement. The condition of some fields may be so foul that it will be necessary to plough for a bare fallow next summer. The county committees can now approve this course under the £2 an acre ploughing-up grant. Of course, there will be other considerations besides the condition of the various fields which might be ploughed, such as fencing and water supplies, which may decide the matter.

CINCINNATUS.

CORRESPONDENCE

ST. SIMON'S RECORD

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—I have read with interest the article entitled "More Sire Lines," which appeared in your issue of November 18th. The writer, however, makes three small slips with regard to St. Simon:

- (1) The price I paid for him at Prince Bathyan's sale was 1,600 guineas, not 1,800 guineas.
- (2) The number of races won by his stock was 571, not 580.
- (3) The amount of stake-money was £553,158, not £550,391.

These are trifling points. "Royston" will find detailed figures on page 309 of my "Memories of Racing and Hunting," which was published by Messrs. Faber and Faber in 1935.—PORTLAND.

SALMON AND TROUT AS FOOD

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—I have had the misfortune to read an article under the above heading in your issue of November 18th, in which the writer eulogises the addition of salmon kelt to our menus. The title "Piscator Senior" which he confers upon himself is vastly misleading. A lower school of thought is introduced which could only have been expected from a piscator very, very minimus.

Luckily for the future of the salmon, arguments extolling the flesh of the kelt for human consumption, followed by a declaration by the writer that he "is not advocating the destruction of kelts," cannot have much influence upon any reasoning mind.

Again, the writer appears to be painfully ignorant of the provisions of the Salmon and Freshwater Fisheries Act, 1923, framed for the protection of "unclean fish" (which, for his information, means a kelt). But perhaps the writer hails from the North, where that statute does not obtain, and it may take a Celt to eat a kelt. Surely, the fact that few kelts survive their spawning efforts is no justification for recommending the massacre of a minority. One wonders what may be the ulterior aim behind an article which constitutes a brief for poachers, who are entirely indifferent as to whether their prey has spawned or is about to spawn.

From a gastronomic point of view, my information, in spite of the alleged scientific values, is to the effect that the aftermath is exceedingly distressing to the internal machinery of man, which resents the introduction of things unclean. Lastly, I will not invoke the use of camouflage, but merely sign myself—REGINALD BEDDINGTON.

[The article referred to bore the secondary title "The Need for Protecting Spawning Fish," which was its theme. The passage complained of by Mr. Beddington was prefaced by strong discouragement of interfering with kelts, and proceeded: "Should, however, our [food] situation become more desperate, it would appear that in kelts we have a potential source of food supply. . . ." This qualification was repeated, and we believe that most readers recognised that the recommendation referred only to a period of extreme food shortage.—ED.]

NAGGING

TO THE EDITOR
SIR,—Major Jarvis, in your issue of November 11th, betrays an inconsistency which should not pass unchallenged. In his second paragraph he upbraids the daily Press for "nagging" those in authority, and suggests that the "blundering" is not quite so universal as some journals would lead their readers to suppose. In his last paragraph, however, he tells, with evident relish, the story of a War Office blunder concerning the treatment of a distinguished lieutenant-colonel.

It is typical of the kind of story which has been told in every club, and at every dinner-table since the war began. They form, in their ever-increasing aggregate, the background to much public dissatisfaction with muddles that have occurred in every department of State. "Some journals" have concerned themselves with these muddles, many of them with the sincere desire that "muddling through" should not be allowed in this war. Exposure of weaknesses, in a democratic country, tends to obviate their recurrence.

Two considerations come to my mind: if the Ministers and departments concerned have a good story to tell, why do they not take the trouble to avoid excessive secrecy and give the encouraging story to the public? Editors are as anxious to publish good news as they are willing to expose inefficiency.

If Major Jarvis deplores "a daily policy of 'nag,'" why does he try to brighten his page with "the best story of the week"—a typical example of nagging of a far more petty order than the major aspects referred to in most "nagging" journals?—T. B. MARTIN.

[Major Jarvis, to whom we communicated Mr. Martin's criticism, replies: "Mr. Martin should be able to differentiate between a story of a silly little mistake due to clerical red tape and a constant policy of screaming headlines stressing food shortage and growing dissatisfaction in this country. It is simply a question whether that which is printed in our journals will serve as encouragement to the enemy or not, and it is submitted that the harmless little episode recounted will not have that effect."—ED.]

THE END OF A NORTHAMPTON-SHIRE HOUSE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—Harleston House, near Northampton, is now unfortunately being demolished, and it may be of interest to readers if a photograph and short account of its history be here given. Harleston was purchased in 1500 by Thomas Andrew, whose descendants lived there until Robert Andrew sold it to George John, second Earl Spencer, in 1832. The house will have been built during the first half of the eighteenth century, though some of the rooms were decorated some years later in the style of the Adam brothers.

But it was from 1808 to 1811 that Robert Andrew employed Humphry Repton and his son, John Adey Repton, to make drastic alterations. They, according to Baker, the county historian, "elegantly modernized the east and west fronts of the house and erected spacious detached offices." They added the three-sided bow in the centre of the south front, where the former entrance had been. The lake was enlarged, and the bridge of local stone—as well as the stables—was built at the same time. Soon after it was finished, Jane Austen was writing her novels, and Mansfield Park is described as a place a few miles from Northampton and lately improved by Repton; it has therefore been supposed that she had Harleston in mind.

Robert Andrew was Sheriff of the county in 1587, and so played an important part at

the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots at Fotheringhay. As she was about to go to the block, she handed to Andrew her crucifix, which contains a piece of the True Cross and is still preserved by his descendants.—SPENCER.

BLACKBERRIES IN THE GARDEN

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—Your recent article on the blackberry in the garden was pleasantly underlined for me just afterwards on a visit to Norfolk. I was shown a garden of under a quarter of an acre which, besides many apple and other trees, contained fifteen or sixteen blackberry plants. The crop for this year at the beginning of October, when there were still many large ripening clusters, had exceeded sixty pounds and was regarded as very poor. A hundred pounds of fruit would have been expected had not the drought of the early summer spoilt the first crop. The owner of the garden told me that she thought her bushes were "Wilson Junior," but it was so many years since she gave ninepence each for the first three that she did not now feel perfectly sure. In this town garden bees are kept most successfully, and the gardener puts down her success largely to this.—B. E. S.

BUYING BUTTER FROM THE LOCAL FARMER

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—I notice that, in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE under the heading "Irrationing," there is an editorial which is quite wrong in its purport. The confusion seems to arise from the fact that you have not been informed regarding the ability of a person who wants to buy butter from the local farmer being able to get it. It is only necessary for the farmer concerned to obtain a retailer's licence from the local Food Control Committee, and "Mrs. Higgs" will have no difficulty. As for the margarine, she can get this from anyone who sells it.—J. CLAYTON YOUNG, *Public Relations Officer, Ministry of Food.*

[This revision of the arrangements as at first understood will be widely welcomed.—ED.]

FROM GRANDMOTHER'S KITCHEN

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—In reference to the letter in your issue of November 11th, under the heading of "From Grandmother's Kitchen," it may interest your readers to know that old steel sugar-cutters of the type you have illustrated are most satisfactory instruments for halving ice cubes as made in many refrigerators and often too large for the glasses. My own sugar-cutters have crescent-shaped blades, but the arrow-head shape should be equally satisfactory.—EWART R. EVANS.

HOOKED

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—I thought the following story might interest those of your readers who are the owners of garden pools. A friend of mine has a pool stocked with fish, and near the edge stands one of those little gnome fishermen complete with fishing rod. Up to a short time ago the little fisherman had a line and hook, but that has been confiscated. This is how it happened. My friend went one day to feed his fish, and to his astonishment he found one of the largest of his fish struggling on the little hook attached to the ornamental fisherman's line. It took only a short time to release the fish, which was returned to the pool seemingly none the worse for his experience. The only explanation of the affair is that the fish saw the hook glittering in the sunlight, thought it was a titbit and jumped for it.—F. W. MURRAY.



HARLESTON HOUSE, NORTHAMPTON

"KEEPING GOATS"

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Much stress might well be laid on the real value of the modern pedigree goat as a food producer. Too many country people who could easily add two or more goats to the establishment for their home supply are inclined to dismiss the idea with the argument that goats are a rich fancier's hobby and not a practical proposition. We started goat-keeping twelve months ago, entirely with the utility intent, as one more war-time sideline, to add to fowls, pigs, vegetables, and all the good things one can do with a garden and buildings.

Two pedigree British Saanens, in kid, and giving a little milk at the time of purchase, cost £11. They were a bargain, true, and to-day would cost twice the money. They gave us a modest quart to three pints daily for the few months prior to kidding, but of course we dried them off for the last six weeks. Early in March four kids arrived, unfortunately only one female. From now on each goat averaged a gallon daily, often more. They are still milking well, and we plan to have the next kids in June or July, with an interval so as not to have both goats dry at the same time. Thus we look forward to an uninterrupted supply.

We find them docile and affectionate pets, and very easy to manage. The one trouble is fencing, but six-foot pigwire or chestnut palings is quite goat-proof. Half-measures between goats and the kitchen garden spell disaster. We house them in a snug shed, give a good straw bed, fitted rack, and a platform for milking. We had a bar fitted for tying-up, but have never had to use it. Goats are easier to milk than cows, I find, but you want the goat on a platform to save stooping. A good goat will go on milking from eighteen months to two years.

Keep is similar to what you give a dairy cow, in proportion: a little good hay, about an armful to each goat, at night; a bucket of gruel three times a day, a handful each of Sussex-ground pieces of sugar, stirred in boiling water, filled up to cool; and between, two mashes of flaked maize, weatings, cattle cake, etc. A splendid feed is sugar-beet pulp, which is cheap and very good for milk-producing. Give daily a good feed of garden stuff—any of the brassicas, turnip-tops, sliced roots, apples; and marrow-stem kale should be grown on purpose for the nannies. During pregnancy, care should be taken that goats do not get at cold, wet vegetation and the young shoots of trees; they are liable to attacks of colic for a while, but normally they are hardy and fit, and can browse with impunity. Tethering is undesirable; if used at all—for example, when the field available is unfenced—care must be taken that the goats are brought in when it



A WORK OF JAMES WYATT: THE MAUSOLEUM IN COBHAM PARK

comes on to rain, or in great heat. They may be kept very well without range, fed in the yard.

We have our own hay, and reckon £5 covers the feed cost for twelve months. Set against this £4 for our nanny kid and £1 for the billy we sold at six weeks. Bedding is set off by the manure. Six months' milk supply paid for the initial cost of the goats; the rest is profit, labour apart, and the labour is pleasure.

We had heard a lot about the unpleasant smell and taste of goats' milk. We consider it the finest milk we know. We make butter in a Daysy churn, and whole-milk cheeses with the surplus, and often test our own opinion by trying it on visitors, who cannot detect any difference from cows' milk. Our goats have no unpleasant smell whatever, and are quite easy to keep clean and sanitary. They are hornless, and come from fine milkers. I am sure it pays in goat-keeping to get animals from a good strain and then do them well.—MADGE S. SMITH.

JOHN JAMES AND WARBROOK

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In the recent articles on Warbrook, Eversley, built for himself by the architect John James of Greenwich, Mr. Hussey raised the question why James should have settled in this out-of-the-way district. I was at Eversley recently, and the Rector, Mr. E. D. Dunlop, told me of the mural tablet to James at the west end of the south wall of Eversley Church. He has since sent me a copy of it which I enclose. It not only answers the question, but also establishes who was the architect's father. Evidently the Dictionary of National Biography is wrong in fathering him on a London printer and the notorious Mrs. Eleanor James. His father turns out to be the Rev. John James of Streatham Turges, who, Mr. Hussey suggested, might be a relation.

"In a vault on the West Side of the Churchyard lie deposited the [remains] of John James of this Parish with those of his Son and first wife Hannah James. The said John James built the house called Warbrook in this Parish, was the eldest son of the Revd. Mr. John James Rector of Streatham Turges in this County and was architect to the Churches of St. Paul London, St. Peter Westminster, the fifty new Churches, and the Royal Hospital for Seamen at Greenwich. He died the 15 day of May 1746 aet 74."

Incidentally he designed the present Eversley Church.—H. CLIFFORD SMITH.

SIR MARMADUKE'S MONUMENT

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Masham, Yorkshire, is a beautiful alabaster monument in memory of Sir Marmaduke Wyvill and his wife. Sir Marmaduke's mother was a Scrope, and Shakespeare ("Henry V," Act II) names "Lord Scrope of Masham" several times. The bend or in the heraldic shield above the monument was the subject of a long lawsuit (1385-89) with Sir R. Gros-



"THE FIXTURE OF HIS EYE HAS MOTION IN'T"

venor, successfully maintained, with John of Gaunt and Chaucer as witnesses. There is a very strange thing about this monument which the casual observer would fail to note; the eyes of Sir Marmaduke (shown in this photograph) are open, while those of his wife are closed. The reason for this unusual difference in the sculpture is that the monument was erected after his wife's death in 1613, and, as he was alive at the time, thought this method a good idea to record this fact. He died four years later, in 1617.—COUNTRYWOMAN.

THE MAUSOLEUM AT COBHAM

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Is it the accident of the name, with its heavy reverberant syllables, or the associations conjured up, that have made "mausoleum" so gloomy a word? King Mausolus, for all we know, may have been a gay fellow, even though his wife piled up such a mountain of a monument over his body. The fashion for building mausoleums in eighteenth-century England has left us some remarkable examples of classic architecture, which, but for the sepulchral sound of the name, would probably have received much more attention than they do.

You have illustrated in your pages Hawksmoor's superb rotunda at Castle Howard and the example at Brocklesby which James Wyatt designed for Lord Yarborough, but not, I think, the one at Cobham Park in Kent, built about 1783 by the Earl of Darnley of the time and also designed by Wyatt. As the photograph shows, it is a very interesting classic design, with a Doric order and a pyramidal roof, all built of beautiful fine-jointed masonry. Unfortunately, it is beginning to suffer from neglect, which, however, could be quite simply remedied now, though it may become fatal if left for long. Seedlings have taken root in the joints, and if left to grow will split and dislocate the fine masonry. It is a case of a stitch in time.—C. L.

THE CONTORTIONS OF A MANGOLD WURZEL

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Your readers may be amused to see the enclosed photograph showing an extraordinary freak of Nature. It is of a mangold wurzel exactly as removed from the soil, and you will observe that it has contrived to tie itself into a perfect knot. Perhaps someone will be able to offer an explanation of the subterranean circumstances that produced this remarkable contortion.—CHAS. T. FREEMAN.



TYING ITSELF INTO A KNOT

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THE ESTATE MARKET

KENTISH HOME OF THE WOTTONS



HAMMERWOOD PARK, SUSSEX

THE Kentish seat at Boughton Malherbe, near Maidstone, known as Boughton Place, has been sold by Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons' Ashford office. The property extends to 414 acres. The house, which dates from the fourteenth century, has been described and illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. 11, pages 536 and 570). It was old when Nicholas Wotton acquired it by marriage early in the fifteenth century. He made great additions to Bocton, as it was then named, and some of his descendants, thanks to finding rich wives, were able to maintain and improve the property.

In his "Life of Sir Henry Wotton" Izaak Walton alludes to Bocton Place or Palace, "an ancient and goodly structure beautifying and beautified by the Parish Church of Bocton Malherbe adjoining it; and both seated within a fair park of the Wottons, on the brow of such a hill as gives the advantage of a large prospect, of equal pleasure to all beholders." Thomas Wotton, father of Walton's friend, added the southern half of the west wing, which bears the date 1564. Queen Elizabeth stayed with him in 1573, and in order to have adequate accommodation Wotton built the "Great Chamber," a lofty panelled hall, 40ft. in length, with a richly decorated plaster ceiling. Fortunately Nash saw the "Great Chamber" and inserted a sketch of it in his 1839 edition of "Mansions of England," for the character was practically demolished soon afterwards to make room for new buildings. In 1704 the estate passed by marriage to the Stanhopes.

TUDOR SURVIVALS

TO raise money for his Mayfair project, Chesterfield House, the fourth Lord Chesterfield disposed of Boughton House. Galfridus Mann, the brother of Horace Walpole's friend, bought the Boughton Malherbe mansion. Eventually it became part of the Linton Park estates of the Cornwallis family. The late Lord Cornwallis sold the property seventeen years ago. The long west side of the house has a massive chimney stack, and Tudor brick crow-stepped gables. The windows inserted by Sir Edward Wotton during the reign of Henry VIII are arched, but the Elizabethan windows are square-headed. The stone door-case, magnificently carved, dates from the sixteenth century. The kitchen ceiling is of so ornate a character as to have caused the conjecture that it was probably part of the "great chamber." From the grounds, on the slope of a hill 400ft. above sea level, there is a grand view over the Kent and Sussex Weald.

Southerdown, on the Sussex shore at Rustington, a modern house with an acre of garden, is

for sale at a low price by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. They have for sale or letting, Cowleymore, with 3 acres, at Caterham, and are to let Dennison House (8 acres), overlooking Ashridge Park, at Little Gaddesden. The owner is away with the Forces.

TWO CHOICE SUSSEX HOUSES

THREE years ago Messrs. George Trollope and Sons sold that beautiful Georgian house, Hammerwood Park and 320 acres, near East Grinstead, to Mr. Harold Taylor. He has now instructed the firm to sell the estate, and a buyer will have the benefit of a lavish outlay in improvements by the vendor. The house stands on a high site, in the undulating, richly timbered park and the gardens slope to a lake. There are 100 acres of woodland. Full details of the property are being prepared by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons.

Horselunges Manor, another Sussex property, near Hellings, for sale by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, on behalf of Mr. R. Preble Rowe, was referred to in *COUNTRY LIFE* last week. It is of great historic interest.

Mr. F. W. J. Firkin's executors have ordered Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock to sell Mitton, a modernised seventeenth-century house and 93 acres, a mile or so from Tewkesbury. The firm has sold Hildenborough freeholds, one of them with Messrs. F. D. Ibbett, Moseley, Card and Co.; and, with the Pitsey Estate Office, property on the outskirts of Crewkerne, known as Moorlands, at Merriott.

The Red House, a modern residence and 8 acres, adjoining Windsor Great Park, has been sold by Messrs. Giddys, who have also disposed of property at Pinkneys Green, and, with Messrs. Nicholas, Heatherdale at Taplow.

A long list of sales of residential property announced by Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices includes Lickfold House, near Lodsworth; Brook Mill, Buckfastleigh; Lingfield freeholds (with Messrs. P. J. May); a Chislehurst house (with Messrs. Baxter, Payne and Lepper);

as well as houses at Haslemere, Chiddingfold, Esher and other places.

SCENE OF A WESSEX TALE

THE West Holme Manor estate at East Stoke, near Wareham, will be broken up at an auction on December 14th by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Fox and Sons. The particulars include the manor house, four farms, some small holdings and cottages, and 600 acres of sporting heath. There is a long stretch of salmon and trout fishing in the Frome. The entire estate extends to 1,494 acres. Thomas Hardy's Holmstoke, in "The Withered Arm" of the Wessex Tales, takes East Stoke as the place of the story. Along the road from Anglebury the farmer and his wife drove home together to their "white house of ample dimensions, with farm buildings and ricks at the back," just such a property as still exists at West Holme. Indeed, Holme Farm answers perfectly to the description in Hardy's story. Mention of "the mill-house at East Stoke" in the agents' preliminary note of the coming auction is a reminder of the ruined aisles of the church to which Hardy alludes, to be seen "in the meadows behind the mill."

At Old Bursledon, on a bend of the Hamble River, near Southampton, is Fairport, a property of 4 acres, with yacht anchorage and landing-hard. The house, built thirty years ago, is offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Wilmer House, Farnham, offered for sale by Messrs. German, Addy and Co., was built 220 years ago; it exhibits fine brickwork of that period, and has carved oak panelling and a noble staircase of oak. The garden is of the old-fashioned walled type.

CHILHAM CASTLE

CHILHAM CASTLE, like so many other properties, was to have come under the hammer this autumn, but Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley now announce that it is for private treaty only. The history and architectural and other features of the East Kent seat have been recently referred to in *COUNTRY LIFE*. The Castle was built in the opening years of the seventeenth century, by Sir Dudley Digges, Master of the Rolls. Chilham Castle has long formed one of a group of important estates in East Kent; among its near neighbours along the Stour Valley are Godmersham Park, Olanthi Towers, and Mersham Hatch. About twenty years ago the late Sir Edmund Davis bought the property, and he spent money lavishly in restoring the house and bringing its interior up to date. Messrs. Geo. Webb and Co. are the joint agents for his executors. ARBITER.



HORSELUNGE'S MANOR, HELLINGLY, SUSSEX

THE CURTAIN FALLS ON RACING AND RISES ON THE SALES

THE final days of the 1939 flat-racing season, which concluded with a single day at Manchester, witnessed a veritable triumph for Mr. Jack Jarvis and the Park Lodge stable which he presides over at Newmarket. In the second added fixture at Thirsk, Man-Eater, who was bred at the Sezincote Stud and cost 210s. as a yearling, was a comfortable winner of the Sessay Plate, and on the second day added the Skipton Plate to his list of victories, while Lord Rosebery's Coroado colt, Golden Idol, annexed the Kirkgate Plate. Two days later, at the second additional Newbury meeting, Fearless Fox's half-brother, Challenge, who belongs to Lord Milford and ran second to Scottish Union in the St. Leger of last year, put paid to the pretensions of Chrysler's half-brother, Tout Change, and last year's French Derby winner, Cillas. At Manchester Lord Rosebery scored further successes, when his chestnut colt, Titan, who is by the Derby and St. Leger winner, Hyperion, won the Flying Welter Plate and his French-bred colt, Tutor, who led Blue Peter throughout his preparation for the classics, scored in the November Handicap. Incidentally, this ast race was worth £425 to the winner, as against the £1,260 which Pappageno II earned when he won it last year. So another season on the flat is over. Considering everything, the outlook for the next is bright, for, despite the war, the Stewards of the Jockey Club have decided to carry out the programme that they framed in August as far as is possible. Naturally it may be necessary to change some of the venues owing to their occupation for war purposes, but the method worked very satisfactorily in the last war. The great thing is that the Stewards of the Jockey Club have set the minds of the bloodstock world at rest by signifying their intention to carry on.

Let us now take a further look at Messrs. Tattersall's catalogue for next week's December Sales, keeping in mind the investment rather than the speculative attractions of properties. A quartet to note are the four young mares who are listed by the Aga Khan's trainer, Mr. Frank Butters. The first of these is a grey five year old, named Constant Law. A daughter of that very successful sire, Portlaw (Beresford), she won the Two Year Old Plate at Yarmouth, the Birchfield Plate at Haydock Park, and the Berkshire Stakes at Windsor, and, like Constant Son, who scored in the Alington Stakes, the Derby Cup and other events of £2,037, is from Constant Lady, a great-granddaughter of the Oaks and St. Leger winner, La Flèche, from whom came Swynford's sire, John o' Gaunt. This is ideal breeding, for, as a brood mare, she brings with her a well grown and reared colt foal by the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Felicitation and is now safely in foal to the triple-crown winner, Bahram, for whom the Aga Khan recently refused an offer of £50,000 made by an English breeder. As it is not generally understood how the value of a stallion is arrived at, a word on this point may be timely. The method in common use is to take the fee, or the intended fee, of the horse, multiply it by forty—his full complement of mares—and then take this sum over three years and add to it an insurance at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Naturally there is no hard and fast rule about this, as there are many other things, such as fertility percentage, for instance, to be taken into consideration, but it forms a good working basis, and on it Bahram is worth a good deal more than was offered.

The second of Mr. Butters' mares is the ten year old Friar Marcus mare, Celestine, who comes from The Meteorite, she by the Derby winner, Sunstar, out of Queen Carbine, a mare who resulted from a mating between the famous horse, Carbine, and the equally famous mare, Sceptre. Carbine blood in a pedigree is a guarantee of strength; a double cross of it had a lot to do with Felstead's success in the Derby and his further success as a sire. The May-foaled bay colt by the Champion Stakes victor, Umidwar, who accompanies Celestine, carries this. Celestine is now in foal to the Derby winner, Mahmoud. Mr. Butters' other two mares are a grey three year old by Tetratema's son, Thyestes, and a bay of a year older, by Tranquil's brother, Schiavoni, who

is now in Jugo-Slavia. The former runs back through Phalconia, Princess Charming and Myrobella's dam, Dolabella, to Lord Derby's mare, Gondolette, and is in foal to Mahmoud's own-brother, Khan Bahadur; the latter is out of Moccasin, she by Phalaris, from the Oaks winner, Toboggan, and has been successfully mated with Felstead's son, Early School, who was the winter favourite for the Derby of 1937. These are a really nice collection of mares.

Others who will appeal to buyers come from among the large contingent listed by the executors of the late Sir George Bullough. From these it is hard to make a choice, but as likely as not most money will be forthcoming for Love Tie, an eight year old chestnut by Ethnarch, who is now in Russia, from Lennoxlove, a half-sister to the Scottish Derby and Rosebery Stakes winner, Huron, by Golden Myth out of Halidome, a By Jingo mare, who, like Ellangowan's dam, Lammermuir, came from Montem, the grandam of Colombo. The breeding here is excellent; and additional attraction is that Love Tie has been mated with Bahram. Mention of this horse brings to mind the fact that another very likeable mare from this establishment is the three year old chestnut or bay, Pusilla, who is by Bahram's half-brother, Dastur, and comes from the One Thousand Guineas and Windsor Castle Stakes victress, Campanula, she by Blandford from Vesper Bell, the dam also of Reveillon, Belfry and Vesperian. Pusilla was the first foal of her dam, and is now carrying her own first foal by the dual Select Stakes winner, Daytona. A further couple to note among the same batch are Vectis Lady and Lula. The former, who is a nine year old, claims the Derby winner, Papyrus, as her sire, and is out of a three-parts sister to Colorado Kid's dam by Spearmint, out of Pretty Polly's daughter, Polly Flinders; the latter, who is now fourteen, and already the dam of such big French winners as Adulation, Pond Lily, Allumeur, Insular and Madame la Marquise, is a half-sister to Apple Sammy by the Derby winner, Captain Cuttle, from the Orby mare, Lady Phœbe, a granddaughter of Donnetta. Diplomat has been chosen as a mate for Vectis Lady; Lula was covered by the Derby and St. Leger winner, Hyperion, in April.

All the lots from the Haras du Perray are French-bred yearlings, but from among Lord Derby's numerous properties there are two two year old fillies who might well be bought with the idea of their becoming foundation mares of a stud. The first of these is Cara, a half-sister to the Stetchworth Stakes winner, Sanda, to the Jockey Club Stakes and Coronation Cup victor, Plassy, to Prato, and to the Wood Ditton Stakes conqueror, Tamworth; she is by the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Bosworth, out of Pladda, a Phalaris mare who, like Miracle's dam, Brodick Bay, came from Rothesay Bay, a half-sister to Scapa Flow, a Chaucer mare who holds the world's record for the production of stake winners. This filly is a combination of Lord Derby's best two lines of blood, and as such is a rarity in the sale-ring. The other from this famous stud to like is Samothrace, a chestnut daughter of Hyperion's half-brother, Salamis, and the first foal of Clerestory, a Buchan mare who came from Foliation, a daughter of Tracery who won the Waterford Stakes, the Atlantic Cup and other events of £12,973.

The Lavington Stud is another establishment responsible for a big consignment of mares and foals and young fillies, all of whom are offered without reserve. Among the mares choice must be for Blandford's five year old daughter, Wilma's Ford, a winner of the Wye Valley Plate at Chepstow, who was out of Wilma's Price, a Hurry On mare who, like Town Guard, Will o' the Wisp and Walter Gay, came from William's Pride, she by William the Third. Wilma's Ford is believed to be in foal to the Eclipse Stakes victor, Rhodes Scholar, and is a mare who is sure to make a successful matron. Of the younger fillies from this stud especial note should be made of the three year old, Protein, who claims the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby winner, Manna, as her sire, and the Oaks winner, Brulette, who is an own-sister to the French Derby and Grand Prix de Paris winner, Hotweed, as her dam. Injured as a foal, Protein had little racing but should be invaluable as a paddock proposition. ROYSTON.



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FASHION FAIR

By
Isabel Crampton

PRACTICAL FASHIONS

ONE thing is certain with regard to the activities of women in the present war, and this is that their clothing has never in any national emergency been better designed for the work they are doing. I suppose the key to all that is in the word "designed": women have realised that "dress does make a difference," and that clothes chosen and fashioned to meet the needs of an employment are very much preferable, from the most practical point of view, to just making do with the least unsuitable thing in one's wardrobe. Messrs. Burberrys of Haymarket are making numbers of uniforms for women in the neat khaki of the Territorials, the pretty blue of the Air Force, and the smart and dignified dark blue of the Navy, completing them with regulation hats or caps, overcoats, mackintoshes, and even shoes and stockings. They have also evolved a very workmanlike suit for the woman who is doing any of the many different kinds of work that demand something practical but have no regulation as to uniform laid down. This is shown at the top of the page, a very well cut and designed coat and skirt in a pleasant, soft shade of green tweed, with belt, shoulder-straps and sensible pockets, completed with a cap-like hat in felt in a green-khaki shade. This coat and skirt is



FROM BURBERRYS
of Haymarket are
these two practical sug-
gestions; a neat semi-uniform
coat and skirt for the war-
worker that has no specified
dress, and a hooded coat that
is both warm and becoming.

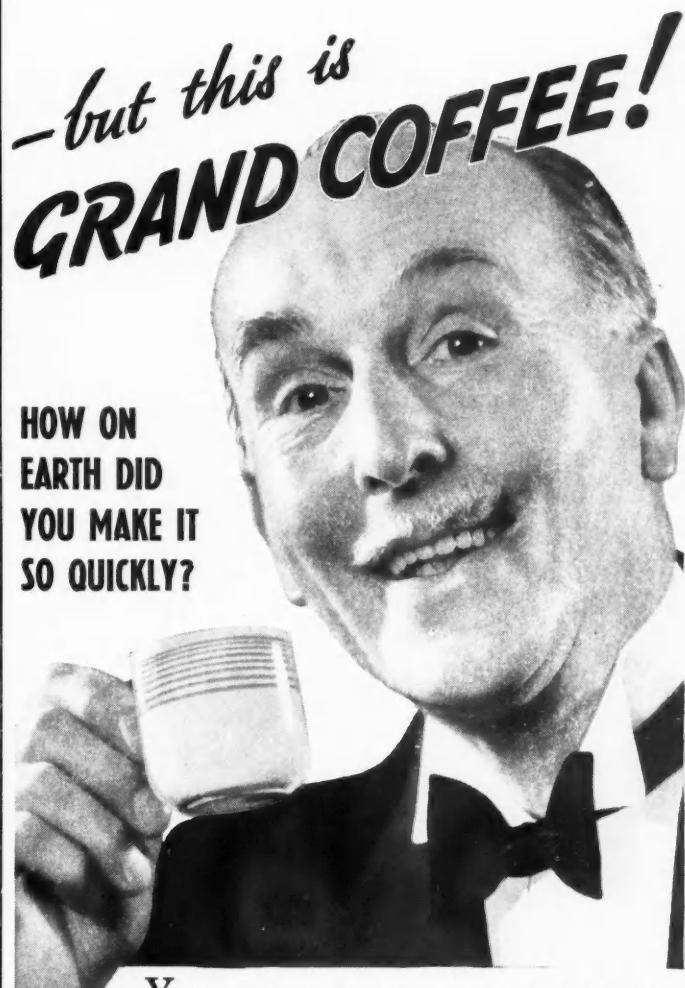
being ordered by a great
many women who are doing
war-work at home which
has no uniform regulations
laid down, and it is proving
ideal for their purpose.

The lower picture shows
a pretty cosy hooded coat
in a lovely soft woollen
material, woven in checks
in different colours. It is
cut to fasten up to the neck,
and the hood is quite large
enough to pull on over a
small hat if the wearer
wishes. I am a little
doubtful whether the way
in which some women are
wearing hoods on quite
mild days, when there is
no need at all to look like
refugees, is not going to
make them, if cold weather
comes, feel uncomfortably
chilly whenever they take
them off. At the same
time, nothing makes a
prettier finish to a coat, and
if the hat worn is some
small turban or *béret* that
can be put in one's pocket
the fullest usefulness of the
hood in rain or snow, as
well as at night, is still at
one's service.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

MORE BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

A LOVELY book for any one of that great majority of one's young friends who are interested in the "little inferior children" who mean so much to most English people is *Animal Stories* (Faber, 8s. 6d.). The stories have been chosen, arranged, and in part re-written by Walter de la Mare with an eye to interesting an public from the age of seven upwards. Phyllis Briggs in *The Silent Hunter* (Blackie, 3s. 6d.) has a wild-animal story to tell. Her heroine is List, a lynx whose hunting-ground is in the woods of Sweden. How the boy Karl caught her, intending to sell her, and found that he understood her too well, is beautifully told. List is a living character. In *Round the Year Stories: Winter Book* (Nelson, 2s. 6d.) Maribel Edwin completes her series of four little nature books, well told and illustrated.

The Bird Talisman (Faber, 6s.) is a story told nearly a hundred years ago by Henry Allen Wedgwood to the children of his family, and has been passed down, a treasured possession among his descendants. It is an Eastern story about a little princess of Cashmere. Gwen Raverat, who is the author's great-niece, has given the book exquisite illustrations. A book to treasure.

Dorothy Ann Lovell in *Toby Twinkle* (Cape, 5s.) has a really excellent story to tell of a little boy who didn't really know who he was or where he came from. The ending is most thrilling. The squiggy line illustrations by Waller Trier are very clever and just right. For slightly younger readers, *The Youngest Camel* (Faber, 3s. 6d.) is a most attractive story-book in contents and format. Though the stories are the most important feature, pictures are a strong point in Ottik's *Book of Stories* (Methuen, 5s.), by Amabel Williams-Ellis and Sarah Nechamkin. This is quite one of my favourite books this year, quaint, amusing, original, suitable for children, and cleverly illustrated.

Storms on the Labrador (Harrap, 5s.) is by Hepburn Dinwoodie. The hero of this book, Finley, with his Indian dog Cracky, faces terrible hardships in Labrador and out at



From "Round the Year Stories: Winter Book." (Nelson)

sea; it is a story with finely drawn characters in it, and the setting compels the reader's interest; for older boys and girls it will be an outstanding book.

Big Business Billy (Faber, 6s.) is a quite fascinating story about an American schoolboy who ran a community shop for his class at school. It is by Janusz Korczak, the best-known writer of children's books among our allies the Poles.

Paddle Your Own Canoe (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.)—an extraordinarily good half-crown's-worth—is by no less a writer than Lord Baden-

Powell, a collection of his stories with the recurring motif of the title. The illustrations are by the Chief Scout too, and for any and every Scout it is the ideal Christmas gift.

A story very much in the line—alas!—of present-day interests is *Sue Barton, Student Nurse* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), by Helen Dore Boylston. This book has had a great success in America, for the author knows her world, and is able, while telling an entertaining story and without unduly stressing the darker side of hospital life, to show her readers just what it is like to train for nursing. Another really excellent book, with its scene this time set in Canada, is *Chuck-Wagon* (Heinemann, 5s.), by Marjorie Sankey. It is the story of an English girl of sixteen who goes as a "help" to a lonely farm in the Rockies. Jill is a living creature with impulse and imagination and a good head and heart. A first-class book for girls or boys from nine years old upwards. Any boy or girl will love to have *The Wishing Bean and Other Plays* (Blackwell, 2s. 6d.), for Enid Blyton has written six pleasant, pretty, actable little plays with plenty of small parts and easy settings and asks for no performing fees.

Pipe and Drum (Blackwell, 2s. 6d.) is a book that I can recommend with a heart and a half. Rose Fyleman has chosen its content, from the nation's imperishable glory of poetry, and chosen it well.

Older people perhaps are the public for *Deeds That Held the Empire: by Land* (Murray, 7s. 6d.), by Major E. W. Sheppard; and, *Deeds That Held the Empire: by Sea* (Murray 7s. 6d.), by A. D. Devine, two excellent, thick volumes carrying the reader's mind back from the troubles of our own day to moments in the past just as difficult and dangerous, and making it clear that our native courage and tenacity are an age-old heritage that will not fail us against the needs of to-day.

"Zodiac" books cost only a shilling and make the very best of small Christmas presents; a special welcome will be accorded to *The Gardener's Calendar*, edited by E. H. M. Cox, useful, dainty, full of wisdom, and with space for one's own notes.



Rick Ornaments

WILTSHIRE VILLAGE

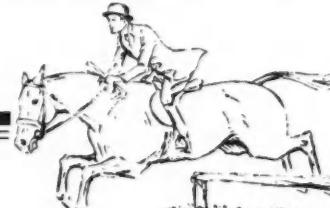
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HURST & BLACKETT

MATTERS OF TO-DAY

THE illustrations that accompany this note show a very remarkable life-saving apparatus widely known to travellers and sailors and responsible for the rescue from shipwreck of many people now living to-day. It is the Gieves' Life-saving Waistcoat, and during the last war it was worn by a number of men at sea—on many occasions most fortunately. As can be seen from the illustrations, it has the appearance of an ordinary well fitting waistcoat, so that it can be worn all the while and not have to be hurriedly put on when the alarm has sounded. It is fully inflated in a few seconds by means of the tube in the left-hand pocket. These waistcoats are made by Gieves' of Old Bond Street in sizes from 32ins. to 46ins. chest measurements, and cost 3 guineas. While terrible tragedies of the sea are occurring far too often owing to the brutality of German ways of warfare, it would seem that anyone and everyone occupying their business in great waters would be well advised to wear a Gieves'; and their usefulness to airmen is, of course, very similar. As a present for a sailor, an airman or a traveller, this is a choice which could never be regretted.

CHRISTMAS CARDS
OF DISTINCTION

New ventures in war-time, expressing as they do confidence in the future and a determination to keep the flag flying to-day, are very pleasant things to encounter, and more particularly when they are concerned with something so utterly satisfying as the new Batsford Christmas Cards. This firm of publishers has long been known as producing books with extraordinarily good illustrations, so it is not surprising that



their cards should be of quite outstanding beauty. The selection is very wide, including reproductions of a very interesting set of prints illustrating old English customs, such as "May Day" and "The Fool Plough," some beautiful Victorian ballerinas, country scenes and seascapes, some views of old London—which most people will keep long after Christmas—and religious subjects. All are beautifully printed, and senders' own greetings and name and address can still be specially printed. Messrs. Batsford's address is 15, North Audley Street, Mayfair, W.1.

THE "COMPREHENSIVE WAR ATLAS"

We may not, in this extraordinarily practical war-time—as it seems, comparing it with the gradual onset of restrictions and so forth in 1914—wish to keep a map outspread in our rooms, and it is hardly necessary at present to move flags day by day; but a good, handy atlas of the war areas, enabling one to see at a glance the position of fortifications, rivers, towns and villages, is an essential if one is to follow the war news with intelligence. The

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